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the weekly Standard

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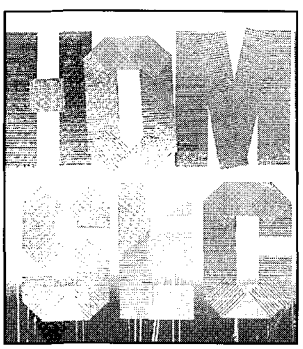

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The University of South Jihad

Readers of THE WEEKLY STANDARD may remember former University of South Florida professor Sami al-Arian. Last week, a federal grand jury in Tampa charged him with being involved in a conspiracy to murder hundreds of Americans and Israelis in suicide bombings, as U.S. leader of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad. In several articles in these pages and on our website beginning in October 2001, David Tell chronicled al-Arian's extensive terrorist connections: Among other things, al-Arian had founded a "think tank" at USF called the World Islam Studies Enterprise and installed Ramadan Abdullah Shallah, now Islamic Jihad's leader, as its director. He raised money for Islamic Jihad through various front groups (in a 1995 handwritten letter al-Arian asked for financial contributions "so that operations such as these can continue"—referring to a recent bombing in Israel that had killed 22 civilians). And at a pep rally for the mastermind of the first World Trade Center bombing, Sheikh Abdul Rahman, al-Arian shouted such niceties as: "Jihad is our path! Victory to Islam! Death to Israel!"

Al-Arian's ardent defenders—Muslim-American and civil liberties groups, as well as *New York Times* columnist Nicholas Kristof—have insisted he's just a harmless professor whose academic freedom was squashed because of his anti-Israel views. USF had given al-Arian a paid leave of absence—*which he agreed to*—when the school received death threats against him after he appeared on the *O'Reilly Factor* in September 2001. And USF president Judy Genshaft subsequently recommended that al-Arian be dismissed, arguing that his presence on campus was disruptive of the university's mission. By and large, this was condemned by the civilized world as an attack on the man's ideas, not his shady organizational ties.

DOJ's detailed 120-page indictment should trouble critics of Genshaft, who has shown remarkable guts throughout the controversy. Stoic in the face of a year's worth of transcontinental "academic freedom" smears, she now appears vindicated for attempting to dismiss al-Arian.

The indictment is also a vindication of the Patriot Act, the anti-terrorist legislation President Bush signed into law a month after the 9/11 attacks, for the act's provisions are what finally made possible al-Arian's arrest. For over a decade the FBI suspected al-Arian of being a terrorist operative, but Justice was unable to bring a case against him because of restrictions on the use of foreign intelligence information in domestic criminal cases—limitations ended by the Patriot Act. Far from inciting the McCarthyite witchhunt that paranoid groups across the political spectrum predicted, the Patriot Act appears to be working exactly as intended, making it easier for the government to break up terrorist cells in the United States. ♦

Annals of MoDo

It's hardly news anymore when *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd gets her comeuppance. But it happened again last week after she trotted out a 1986 quote from President Bush to zing him as a hypocrite.

The quote came from a piece in the *Washington Post* about the Bushes by Walt Harrington, now a journalism professor at the University of Illinois. Bush told Harrington that being in the upper class didn't confer special privilege in America. Dowd sneered in a January column that Bush has benefited from his class status and now doesn't want others to be given a chance through things like affirmative action.

Calling Dowd on this is Harrington himself. Writing in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* on February 18, he said Bush "wasn't like any child of privilege I'd ever met. He was blunt and cocky but without any hint that he thought he was better than anyone else. I just plain liked the guy." As it turned out, the Harringtons and the Bush family became friends. Bush, he wrote, "knew well what it was to be a marginal person, to see the world through a very different set of eyes, to recognize the arrogance of those to the manor born."

Harrington said he used to be "quite a self-righteous twit in my youth." But "coming to know the Presidents Bush and Bush changed me, helped me learn that no class—rich or poor—has cornered the market on decency or wisdom." Though he said it pained him, Harrington didn't vote for Bush in 2000, disagreeing with him on the environment, abortion, affirmative action, and the death penalty. "But I think he's too decent a man to hold that against me." ♦

Lieberman's Non-Flop

This magazine recently detailed Joe Lieberman's rather obvious flip-flop on the question of affirmative action. In 1995, Lieberman spoke out forcefully and eloquently against racial preferences. But in 2000, as a candidate

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for vice president, and again this year, after President Bush announced his decision to weigh-in on the University of Michigan's admissions procedures, Lieberman defended the most discriminatory of these practices—explicit bonus points for skin color.

This abrupt reversal raised a larger question: Is presidential candidate Lieberman willing to say anything to please the left-wing activists that comprise his party's base?

Last week in Iowa, Lieberman answered that question with a decisive "no," by delivering a strong speech on Iraq. That he did so in pacifist Iowa, in front of a hostile, antiwar crowd, is a further credit to him. The host, a local labor leader, opened the program with a harsh critique of the coming war. "What's the hurry to go to war?" That harangue was followed by back-to-back arguments against removing Saddam from Ohio congressman Dennis Kucinich and former Vermont governor Howard Dean, candidates vying to be the most antiwar in the field. John Edwards, who like Lieberman voted to authorize force in Iraq, defended his vote as one made on "principled belief," and then ripped the administration for a lack of vision in international affairs. Bush policies will lead to a world "where generation after generation of people hate us."

Lieberman, by contrast, told the audience that his support for removing Saddam dates back to the first Gulf War. "I worried then and throughout the '90s that we were allowing Saddam to become a ticking time bomb. I'm not going to oppose a policy I've supported for 12 years just because the person who happens to be the commander in chief of the United States today is a Republican," Lieberman told the crowd. He added: "I'm going to hope, ultimately, that people will draw a conclusion, even if they disagree with me on Iraq, that I'm going to be the kind of candidate and the type of president who will not try to please all the people all of the time." ♦

Nominations Requested

Applications are invited for the fifth annual Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Journalism. The award is named for longtime *New York Post* editor and columnist (and WEEKLY STANDARD contributor) Eric Breindel, who died in 1998 at the age of 42. It is presented each year to the columnist, editorialist, or reporter whose work best reflects the spirit of Breindel's too-short career: love of country, concern for the preservation and integrity of democratic institutions, and resistance to the evils of totalitarianism.

For an application and further information about this year's contest, which once again features a $10,000 award, please contact Germaine Febles, 212-843-8031 or *gfebles@Rubenstein.com*. Deadline for submissions is April 25. The recipient will be announced in June. ♦

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Casual

The Snows of Yesteryear

You know you're not a kid anymore when you find yourself hoping it won't snow. The last time a major snowstorm hit Baltimore, where I live, back in 1996, I was only 15. The night before the storm arrived, I watched the late news with my younger brother and sister—and our parents, who grumbled as the weatherman delivered the bad news. But with each successive bulletin revising the projected snow total upward, our smiles grew wider. By the time the forecast passed 12 inches, we were in rapture.

When I woke up the next morning, a glance out the window confirmed that the skies had more than delivered: Nearly two feet of white powder lay on the ground. No need to so much as turn on the television—school would be closed for a week. A cameo appearance at the dig-out would dispatch the younger generation's obligation for work, and the rest of the time would be our own.

And so it was that I spent five whole days off without a care. The neighborhood kids and I dragged our sleds to the grounds of the Board of Education, where a steep slope drops off to a stream and then a parking lot. We spent the day tearing down the hill and successfully avoiding the danger at the bottom. We watched in admiration as cool college students from nearby Towson University and Loyola College rode down on garbage bags, sheets of cardboard, and cafeteria trays.

Before the snowplows made it to our neighborhood, we went cross country skiing on quieter, rolling roads under tall trees. And we built three-sided forts in the big field behind our house, with packed-snow walls, for a serious snowball fight, boys against girls. My friend Julie's mom delivered brownies and hot cocoa topped with marshmallows to us outside.

Now, seven years later, it's a different story. When the "perfect snowstorm," as one meteorologist quoted in the *Washington Post* dubbed it, dumped 28 inches on Baltimore in two days, I was the one grumbling. In the days leading up to the storm, the weatherman's excitement about the impending arrival of a potential record-breaker had left me cold. Listening to the forecasts of ever-increasing accumulations, I'd begun thinking not of play, but of all the onerous consequences of a major snowfall, now that I'm a full-time worker. The days ahead were shaping up to be bleak.

Sure enough. Take the simple business of digging out my car. In 1996—before I could drive—I'd figured fair was fair: Each car's owner was responsible for shoveling it out. Now, my father was muttering something about my being hoist on my own petard. Not only was digging out my car a major undertaking, but I had to help liberate two elderly neighbors' cars. Both came out to thank me, and one offered me a piece of diet hard candy.

Then there were the sidewalks. On our street, shoveling isn't a simple matter of clearing a straight, flat path from the front door to the sidewalk. Most of the houses sit on top of small hills, and from our door to the street, there are three flights of stone steps, about 25 in all, plus two landings. It's a lot of work to shovel one house—and the same elderly neighbors who needed help with their cars also had front stairs needing to be cleared. Since my brother is a Marine now and long gone to the Middle East, it was up to my father, my sister, and me. Mom informed us that she does not shovel snow.

But as bad as the dig-out was, it turned out the alternative—staying inside—was no fun either. I could watch an *I Love Lucy* marathon with Mom, listen to a CD of Civil War string band music with Dad, or put up with my sister endlessly giggling on the phone. Even reading got tiresome. And my attempt to escape for a walk with our dog was a dismal failure. Normally Molly loves the snow. She paws at the door to go out. She's a Siberian Husky and has been known to fall asleep outside when it was snowing. But she didn't like being up to her shoulders in the stuff and having to proceed by laborious leaps. When we'd gone only a few feet, she turned around and looked at me as though I were crazy.

We slunk back home. I made tunafish without bread—we'd run out—for lunch, and brooded over the prospect of Hamburger Helper for dinner. I wondered when the snowplows would get through. I thought of 1996, and somehow the shine had gone out of our sledding and our fort. It didn't seem possible: How could anyone ever have looked forward to a snowstorm?

Rachel DiCarlo

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Poetry as Politics

With regard to J. Bottum's excellent cover story, "The Poets vs. the First Lady" (Feb. 17), I found the flip incivility and poor manners exhibited by Sam Hamill and his colleagues less troubling than the assumption, widely shared by many of the poets quoted, that politics comprises the alpha and omega of human existence. The singular importance of one's political cause, for example, obviates the need for manners and civility. Likewise, poetry is subordinated to the dictates of the cause, with poetry standing as a placard of political activism. Such a farcical understanding of political poetry is not limited to the ephemeral postings found on the Internet, as the unfortunate career of Adrienne Rich demonstrates.

Indeed, poetry has something to say to us regarding the subject of war. But Mr. Hamill and others like him have discarded poetry for politics. No, that's not quite right. What Mr. Hamill has embraced is mere partisanship, politics in its most trivial form. His fumigations raise the question as to what a poet who has renounced poetry has to tell us. Little more, I'm afraid, than the rude noise of uninformed opinion.

Stephen Dawson
Forest, VA

Draft Dodging

Woody West's "Good Reasons to Dodge the Draft" (Feb. 17) fails to recognize the main reason the draft should be avoided by Congress: The draft is no longer necessary.

Most people think that armies composed of huge numbers of men, drafted by their governments, are the norm in warfare. Actually, this is a historical aberration peculiar to the 19th and 20th centuries. Prior to the 19th century, armies consisted of small groups of well-trained professionals. Among the other "reforms" of the French Revolution, a decree dated February 14, 1793, declared that all able-bodied men owed military service to their country. This was called the "levée en masse," and Napoleon used it to raise armies larger than any Europe had ever seen. The other European powers had to resort to the draft to be able to compete with Napoleon's armies, because, as one of Napoleon's maxims of war says, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions."

Increasingly, 21st-century warfare will be fought with extremely high-tech weapons, requiring training measured in years rather than in weeks. The weapons are highly accurate, but only if operated by people who have acquired the necessary skills to use them effectively. The weapons are also extremely expensive; armies cannot afford to issue million-dollar weapons to hundreds of thousands of draftees. We no longer need 100,000 men firing single-shot muskets to guarantee that no enemy force can cross a given field; 100 men equipped with high-tech weapons could produce the same or even a greater rate of deadly firepower.

As of today, the U.S. Army does not accept recruits who do not have a high school diploma. Our increasingly high-tech weaponry demands intelligent recruits who must then be trained for many months, sometimes years, to be able to use those weapons to their highest potential. In the 21st century, there will simply be no need for a draft, because we no longer need the huge numbers that 19th- and 20th-century armies required. In sum, the draft, which was essential as recently as World War II, is as obsolete as the weapons of World War II.

The end of the fear of a draft will in turn eliminate most of the antiwar activism this country saw in the Vietnam era. The single factor which made the antiwar movement of the Vietnam era so powerful in America was the draft. Our government was then taking young men out of school and forcing them to fight in a political war for which many Americans saw no vital need. By contrast, the traditional pre-19th-century army, composed of volunteer career officers and enlisted men, could be sent to fight a war without causing an antiwar movement to gain much credibility. The same will hold true in the 21st century. After all, the soldiers in question volunteered for military service, they want to go to war to earn faster promotion, and no one was forced into the army who didn't want to join. For those whose attitude is "Hell no, we won't go!" all they have to do is not join the army, which is rather easy to accomplish.

Elliot I. Susser
Eastport, NY

Columbia vs. Osama

I saw another message recently, purportedly from Osama bin Laden, spewing his venomous bile and hatred of Western culture for what amounts to the historic failures of Arab civilization. Later, I read Charles Krauthammer's "Redeeming Columbia" (Feb. 17) and I was affected by the startling juxtaposition of human thought expressed between the two messages.

One is narrowly self-serving, self-loathing, and ultimately self-destructive; it calls upon the basest of human instincts. The other is expansive, and it romantically summons what is majestic and glorious in the human spirit—not for parochial self-interest, but for the universal good of mankind.

Richard L. Johnson
College Station, TX

Planned Parenthood

I was genuinely surprised to see so many stories from my new book, *Behind Every Choice Is a Story*, reprinted in —of all places—The Weekly Standard, considering each story is a testament to the importance of reproductive freedom ("Planned Un-Parenthood," Jan. 27).

Far more curious than David Tell's 5,500-word promotional piece for my book is the magnitude of his anger toward me, Planned Parenthood, and, above all, toward the very notion of women controlling their own destinies. Nevertheless, most of us recognize every woman's fundamental human and civil right to make our own decisions about childbearing. As we say in Texas, even the chickens under the porch know that.

Gloria Feldt
New York, NY

Letter to the Governor

Thank you so much for the article about governors and taxes ("Republicans Who Love Taxes," Stephen Moore, Feb. 17). I have sent it to my governor, who, though an idiot, may have some smart advisers.

Peggy Spencer
Cox's Creek, KY

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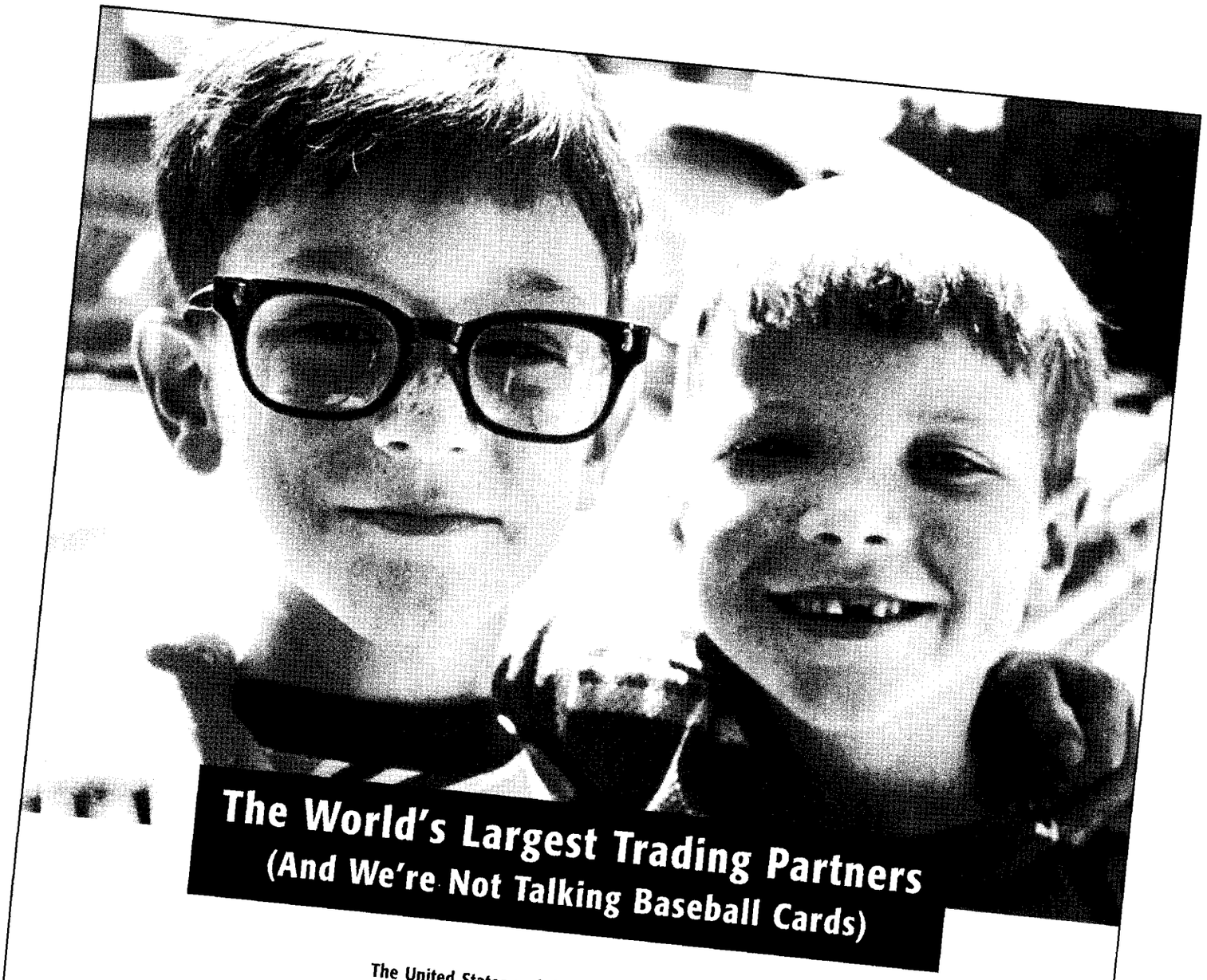

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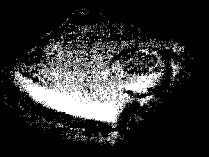

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the weekly Standard

That Devil Ashcroft

A few weeks back, a Washington-based "investigative research" outfit called the Center for Public Integrity announced that it had recently "obtained" a large and significant set of confidential legal papers from someone inside the Justice Department—a someone whose name the Center for Public Integrity did not make public, his integrity being of a sort that bar association ethics panels and the department's own Office of Professional Responsibility tend not to recognize.

Never mind that, though. For CPI executive director Charles Lewis, the leak was a stroke of purest good fortune. He runs a scrupulously nonpartisan shop, you understand, and his donor list represents the full spectrum of American viewpoints, from the Gaia Fund to the Streisand Foundation and everything in between, and he cares only for the public interest, let the chips fall where they may. Okay, sure: If by chance, when fall they do, those chips should happen to embarrass a Republican, like that awful John Ashcroft fellow, well, then the good folks at CPI probably aren't going to start weeping in their beer, exactly. But never mind that, either. What matters is that an anonymous, self-styled whistle-blower gave Charles Lewis a copy of the latest "secret" Big Brother plan being hatched by awful John Ashcroft's awful staff henchmen, and that Lewis then made out like Paul Revere, rushing to warn each Middlesex village and farm—and all the Justice Department beat reporters, too—of an imminent and positively "breathtaking" threat to the Republic and its freedoms.

For some reason, a great many perfectly respectable Americans have come to believe that the attorney general is a not-so-closet fascist.

Also, Lewis made a photographic facsimile of the document in question—apparently an advanced but less-than-final draft of omnibus anti-terrorism legislation provisionally entitled the "Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003"—and posted it on CPI's Internet home page. Where it remains to this day, and where anybody interested might long ago have tracked it down and read the thing.

Which otherwise humble and obvious piece of information turns out to be the entire episode's explanatory linchpin, and much the most depressing aspect of all the overheated commentary it's occasioned. Because, as anybody who *does* take the trouble to track down and read the "Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003" very quickly begins to suspect, the overheated commentary it's occasioned is ill-informed—so freakishly ill-informed, in fact, as to constitute something close to an outright hoax, the punditry equivalent of one of those "I am treasurer of the Nigerian exile government" e-mail money scams. You wouldn't think it possible, but in this case, unfortunately, it cannot be dismissed out of hand: The pundits involved, Charles "Public Integrity" Lewis included, may barely have glanced at, much less earnestly studied, the very same Justice Department proposal they claim to find scandalous.

Yet none among the claimants seems ever to have been bothered by the fear he might be exposed as a humbug. None has hesitated to allege—by reference to wholly imaginary details purportedly contained in a draft legislative package Ashcroft has not yet been presented for review—that the attorney general of the United States, left to his own devices, would dismember the Bill of Rights and establish a police-state autocracy in its place. What's more, far worse, it's not at all clear that the confidence with which Messrs. Lewis & Co. are circulating such a paranoid fantasy is the slightest bit misplaced. Demonstrably paranoid and fantastic the notion may be, but these days, for some reason, a great many perfectly respectable Americans have come to accept it, on some level, as truth—the kind of postulatory truth that's immune to disproof. *Everybody knows* that John Ashcroft is a not-so-closet fascist, just as everybody once knew that the Sun orbited Earth. And practically no one who isn't a Bush administration political appointee seems prepared to raise much fuss in dissent.

Try counting the dissenters on your fingers if you think we exaggerate. The depth and ubiquity—and the gestural, pietistic, sub-rational character—of suspicion and contempt now routinely directed against federal law enforcement initiatives, real or prospective, obeys no standard boundary of politics or ideology. What John Ashcroft proposes, a veritable universe of articulate American opinion lately opposes, pretty much sight unseen. And not everybody in that universe depends for his salary on the Gaia Fund or Streisand Foundation. At least where the Justice Department's present "war on privacy" is concerned, what meaningful difference any longer exists, at the end of the

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day, between a man like Charles Lewis and . . . oh, say, Bill O'Reilly, to take one random example?

Professor O'Reilly, of course, holds the Factor Chair in constitutional law at Fox News Channel University, where he propounds a famously illiberal jurisprudence; "I'm not the ACLU poster boy," as he puts it. But he has "read over this Domestic Security Enhancement Act" business, and it's all of a sudden got him ACLU-poster-boy-quality mad. This thing's "not going to fly with me," O'Reilly lectures. "Ashcroft is throwing sheets over statues. *Come awwn*." The Factor seems particularly exercised about the might-be proposal's would-be amendment to one such statute in particular: Title 42, Section 14132 of the U.S. Code, which currently delimits the FBI's authority to collect and maintain DNA identification records for past federal offenders. According to Charles Lewis's purloined document—according to Bill O'Reilly—the Ashcroft crowd now wants to rewrite this provision so that any old "cop" can "go up to you and me—no reason, all right?—and say, 'Hey, give me that DNA sample'. . . . I can be, and you can be pulled over, and anybody watching could be pulled over. And a cop could take you right out of the car and say, 'Hey, give me your fingerprints right now.'"

O'Reilly is hardly the only person who pretends to have "read over" the legislative language at issue and found in it a chromosomes-on-demand, everyone's-cell-code-in-the-computer nightmare like this. Similarly dystopian accounts of a "secret" Justice plan for double-helix surveillance—"secret," truth be told, only in the sense that this magazine's next issue will be a "secret" until we've finished writing it—are also on offer from, yes, the ACLU. And from Charles Lewis and columnist William Safire, too. And from more unsigned newspaper editorials, for that matter, than any one man could hope to read in a month. Each of these accounts is fabricated, however.

Just for starters, federal law cannot authorize non-federal, local "cops" to do anything at all, and not a word in the "Domestic Security Enhancement Act" draft suggests otherwise. More to the point, by its own plain terms, the document contemplates expanded DNA collection authority for federal officials only and specifically with respect to "enemy combatants" so designated by the president personally, prisoners of war, battlefield detainees, and people arrested as "suspected terrorists." This last is no vague, catchall phrase, incidentally. It is a term of art explicitly defined by law—such that its application must always rest on an individualized showing of suspicion, the persuasiveness of which may always be challenged in the courts.

Nobody is planning to pull "you" from your car and demand "you" turn over a pair of your genes.

Nobody is planning, as Charles Lewis somehow convinced Bill Moyers during an interview on PBS, to "strip [your] citizenship" just because "you were found making what you thought was a legitimate contribution to some non-profit organization and months from then, that . . . organization were deemed by the government to have been in some way supporting terrorists . . . even if you didn't know." Yes, "that's right," Lewis replied. Except that no, it's not. Here again, by its own plain terms (and in this case, consistent with governing Supreme Court precedent), the "secret" Justice plan would fully embrace the classic *mens rea* standards of criminal law: The government would first have to prove that "you" had *knowingly* and *intentionally* provided material support to a terrorist group known to be engaged in ongoing hostilities against the United States—essentially, that you were guilty of treason. Then and only then would the Justice Department possess discretionary latitude, through the vehicle of a regular expatriation proceeding in a regular court subject to regular constitutional strictures, to question your continued entitlement to citizenship.

ACLU legislative counsel Tim Edgar says the "Domestic Security Enhancement Act" would mean that "an activist who is simply gathering information on human rights violations could be wiretapped on the theory that they are gathering information for a foreign intelligence power, without any indication that they are violating the law or that their activities present a threat to national security." Mr. Edgar is wrong about that; the relevant provisions of the bill contain a *mens rea* requirement.

And so on.

No one need feel sorry for John Ashcroft personally; he doesn't seem to mind his critics all that much. Neither should anyone suppose that the mere existence of their criticism poses a consequential public policy problem in and of itself. Quite the contrary: Even in times of relative calm, how the attorney general of the United States balances considerations of public safety and individual rights in his administration of federal law is a subject of enormous importance. And any related proposal he advances should therefore warrant scrupulous public attention. The "Domestic Security Enhancement Act," should it ever formally debut, will be such a proposal. It *ought* to get some serious criticism.

But that's not what's happening. The criticism isn't serious; it is uniformly self-indulgent, heedless of detail, and hysterical. And especially in an age of terrorism, an insistence on the right kind of public debate should count as more than merely an aspirational nicety of goo-goo political science. Yes, civil liberties are at stake. But people's lives are, too. Executive-branch initiatives intended to help save those lives do not become "instruments of repression used by totalitarian states" (as the *San Francisco Chronicle* has lately suggested)—and ought not be set aside on that basis—purely by dint of the fact that they originate at staff levels of a Justice Department led by a Republican named Ashcroft. Nobody's civil liberties are advanced by lying about the government this way.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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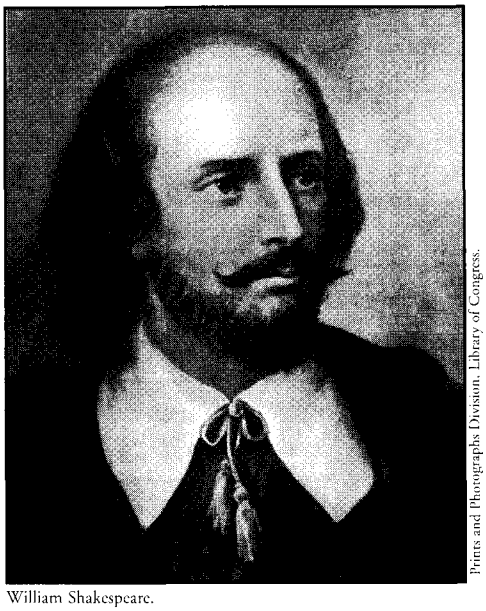

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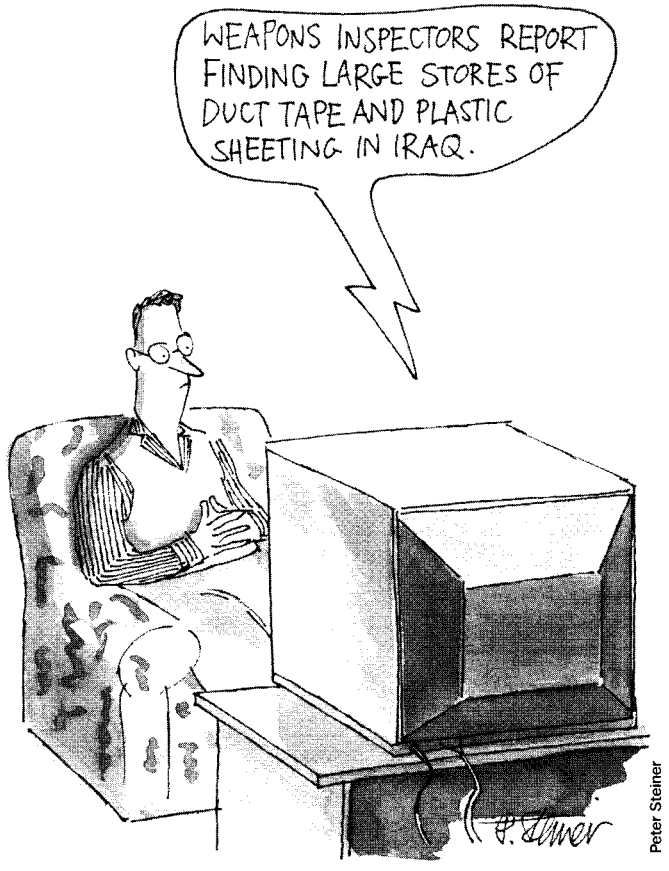
The High Price of Homeland Security

To solve a big problem probably requires a big budget. **BY FRED BARNES**

DEMOCRATS—some, not all—are playing a cynical game on homeland security. At their instigation, Congress passed a $5 billion expenditure last August supposedly for homeland security. It came with a hitch: President Bush was required to spend all or none of the money, but only about half the funds were to beef up security efforts. A portion would finance a new facility for the worm and bug collection at the Smithsonian Institution. Other funding would pay for fighting forest fires and implementing election reform. The president decided to spend none of the money. Then in January, the president blocked another $5 billion Democratic proposal for homeland security. This time all the money would have gone to actually improving security, though little of it would arrive in time to be used in 2003.

If a new terrorist attack occurs, Democrats are poised to blame the Bush administration for not doing—and not spending—enough on homeland security. But there's more than mere political risk in this for the White House and congressional Republicans. There's a serious, substantive question: Is the Bush administration spending sufficiently on homeland security? Frugality is a fine trait and saying a loud "no" to those clamoring for more federal funds is normally the appropriate response. Now, though, we're in a perilous war against terrorism, and scrimping may not be wise.



Peter Steiner

True, the administration hasn't exactly adopted an austerity budget for homeland security. Democrats insist the president would raise spending less than one percent in 2004. But that's the case only if Department of Defense outlays on homeland security, which are declining, are included. As for the agencies that make up the Department of Homeland Security, the president has in fact called for an increase to $34.6 billion from $32.2 billion, a 7.6 percent hike.

When Senate Democrats led by Robert Byrd tried in January to tack on $5 billion, the White House dispatched a letter declaring additional spending "unnecessary." Much of it "could not even be obligated in the remaining months of this year," the letter said. The funds sought by the president for 2003 "are sufficient to address homeland requirements and, in many cases, are the most that can be absorbed responsibly in the remaining months of the fiscal year." Senate Republicans went along with this. But notice the caveat. New funds couldn't be put to use "in many cases"—not all cases.

Forget the demagoguery of Democratic congressional leaders Tom Daschle and Nancy Pelosi. They sent Bush a letter in mid-February advocating an unspecified amount of new spending. They claimed it's "indefensible" that the president hasn't made "funding for homeland security your top priority. Instead, you advised Americans to buy duct tape, plastic sheeting and bottled water." Most of the spending targets Daschle and Pelosi cited probably couldn't use the money in 2003. But they do mention one that could—"first responders" who could utilize aid quickly through block grants to the states. And the two Democrats reminded Bush of the "heightened threats" of new terrorist attacks.

Indeed, the threat of another attack is about the only thing most Demo-

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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crats and the White House agree on. Nearly everyone I've talked to in the administration and practically every witness at congressional hearings says another attack is inevitable, particularly if Iraq is invaded. Since September 11, 2001, the administration has done a brilliant job of thwarting terrorists. Bush officials have also been awfully lucky (recall the shoe bomber's inability to light a fuse). But absolute security hasn't been achieved and never will. Budget director Mitch Daniels told Congress on February 4: "There is not enough money in the galaxy to protect every square inch of America and every American against every conceivable threat that every hateful fanatic in the world might conjure up." True.

That doesn't mean more can't be done now to improve homeland security. Democratic senator Joe Lieberman last week proposed $16 billion in extra spending, saying Bush has "been too slow, too protective of the status quo, and too unwilling to back up tough talk with real resources." I asked Michael Scardaville, the Heritage Foundation's homeland security expert, to appraise the Lieberman proposal. He concluded the $16 billion figure was ridiculous, said the creation of a National Homeland Security Academy was a bad idea, and insisted the administration was already moving swiftly in many areas (port security, more border guards, to name two) cited by Lieberman. But he said Lieberman had "some good solid proposals," particularly for strengthening homeland security at the state and local levels.

One good idea is the use of the National Guard. "In the immediate near-term," Lieberman said, "selected guard units can be dispatched to defend underdefended chemical plants, as well as biological and nuclear facilities." Guard units would be withdrawn once "a longer-term public-private security strategy" is developed. Another worthwhile idea is the purchase of new technology to integrate emergency communications systems in states. This should be "a higher priority" for the Bush administration, Scardaville said. Lieberman also said, correctly, that more police, firefighters, and emergency personnel should be hired and trained in the short run.

Which brings us to the additional spending that would be helpful now: money for states, strictly for the purpose of homeland security. Many state governors don't deserve the aid. They're whiners who let their budgets get out of hand during the economic boom of the late 1990s when revenues gushed in. But with the economic downturn and stock market collapse, most states are now in fiscal trouble and lack funds for homeland security. Besides, past profligacy is not reason enough to fund homeland security meagerly. In this case, more federal funds are needed.

Listen to GOP governor Mike Huckabee of Arkansas. "If we're really expected to do an adequate job in homeland security, there's no way we can do it with our current resources," he says. The "biggest single need we have," Huckabee says, is to upgrade emergency communications. In a terrorist attack—or a tornado or flood, for that matter—the various jurisdictions won't be in contact. Patching them together—or "creating the capacity to interface," as Huckabee puts it—won't happen without more federal aid than is currently in the pipeline. The money his state has gotten so far, the governor asserts, is "popcorn, peanut money." Other governors express similar sentiments.

Increasing aid to states won't be easy for the White House to swallow. Because of Democratic troublemaking, the 2003 budget just recently passed, nearly 5 months into the fiscal year. And no doubt Democrats would gloat if Bush suddenly wants to spend more on homeland security. So what? Bush has changed his mind before to bolster the war on terrorism. He initially opposed and then proposed a cabinet-level homeland security department and the arming of airline pilots. And if giving states more money helps thwart a cynical ploy by Democrats, so much the better. ♦

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Vive Le Boycott!

Using economic levers to reward our friends and punish our foes. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

"ONLY A DEMAGOGUE would say, 'Don't buy German' or 'Don't buy French,'" says Norbert Quinkert, chairman of Motorola Germany.

He's wrong. There is a middle ground between the boycotts and sanctions we impose on our enemies, and the free access to our markets that we grant to our friends. Call it transactional selectivity.

No need to rehearse at length for readers of this magazine the advantages of free trade. It permits the international specialization of labor that allows each nation to do what it does best, lowering the cost of traded goods and services, enriching both buyers and sellers. Those interested in a fuller explanation should pull out their undoubtedly dog-eared copies of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

But man does not live by GDP alone: We have other important policy objectives. True, by making it more difficult for some countries to sell their exports to us we impose costs on ourselves—in effect, a consumption tax. But the important question is whether those costs are worth bearing. Is it reasonable for us to use trade as an instrument to gain geopolitical advantages?

If America has learned anything in the past several months it is that France and Germany are intent on ensnaring us in what Robert Kagan describes as "a world governed according to the principle of multilateralism." That this effort also results in the humiliation of America, with the Security Council galleries applauding the French and the Europeans treating their onetime hero, Colin Powell, as a serial dissembler, is simply a plus for Jacques Chirac and Gerhard Schröder.

Not that the United States is without friends—witness the courageous performance of British prime minister Tony Blair in the face of massive opposition from his own party; a letter of support from Britain and seven other European countries; and the enlistment of more than 30 countries in the "coalition of the willing" that has rallied behind President Bush and American policy. The question for America, then, is one of how to reward its friends and inflict a bit of harm on its opponents, *pour encourager les autres* in future encounters.

AP / Wide World Photos

The American street

Already there are reports of spontaneous consumer boycotts of French and German products. These should be encouraged. Lest anyone underestimate the power of such boycotts, consider this. First, nothing frightens the sponsors who buy time on television networks more than the threat of consumer boycotts. They will insist on changes in programs, or drop their sponsorship completely if they think that a large number of well-organized consumers will stop buying the advertised product. Second, foreign suppliers live in dread of antagonizing their overseas customers.

A few months ago, just after Schröder had managed to get himself reelected on the back of violently anti-American rhetoric, I was asked to give a talk to the German-British Chamber of Industry and Commerce in Birmingham, a successful manufacturing center north of London. After a rather routine presentation of the state of the world's economies, I was peppered with questions by German businessmen about whether Schröder's performance would result in an American boycott of German-made goods. Representatives of Germany's car manufacturers were particularly nervous. I did nothing to relax them.

So step one should be for members of Congress—I assume that this is considered too tawdry for high-level administration officials—to encourage consumers to show French and German companies that they will not be unharmed by their governments' attempts to distance themselves from America, to paint our president as a reckless cowboy (like Hitler, according to one former member of the Schröder team), and to claim that America is a greater threat to world security than Iraq.

It shouldn't be difficult for American consumers who don't find California wines to their liking to discover wonderful Australian shirazes, Spanish riojas, Portuguese ports, and —depending on its vote in the Security Council—Chilean vintages to substitute for French products. Danish and British cheeses are fine substitutes for the odorous French varieties. And no one can deny that American and Japanese luxury cars are on a par with the once-vaunted Mercedes-Benz, a brand now struggling to regain its reputation for quality.

Irwin M. Stelzer is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *director of regulatory studies at the Hudson Institute, and a columnist for the* Sunday Times *(London).*

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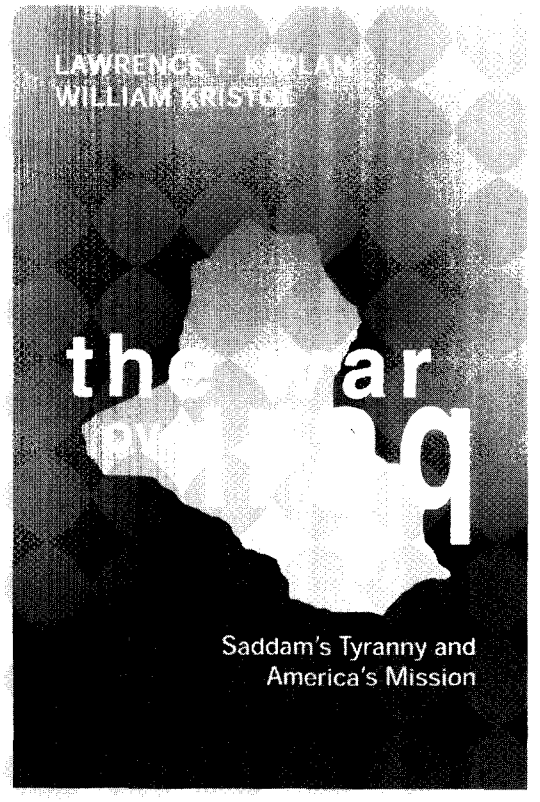
THE CASE FOR WAR



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"Anyone who harbors doubt about the imperative of regime change in Iraq for the vital security interests of the United States should read this book."
–Senator John McCain

Lawrence Kaplan and William Kristol look at Saddam Hussein and see the face of evil. In his Iraq, the children of those suspected of disloyalty have their eyes gouged out, and women are threatened with rape by secret policemen to extort support from their husbands. The authors show how minorities are dealt with ruthlessly, particularly the Shiites and Kurds, whom Saddam subdued with poison gas. The same genocidal techniques he used against his own people—nerve gas and cyanide—also characterized Saddam's war against Iran.

In addition to examining Saddam's brutality and the threat his weapons of mass destruction poses, Kaplan and Kristol analyze the failure of American policy on Iraq since the Gulf War. The first Bush administration regarded Iraq as a move on a diplomatic board game, and failed to remove Saddam when it had a chance. The Clinton administration subscribed to a brand of wishful liberalism that led it to avoid facing up seriously to Saddam's threat. But President George W. Bush, the authors show, does not intend merely to contain Iraq. Instead, he plans to liberate this benighted country, and create democracy in a place that for decades has known only tyranny.

Kaplan and Kristol provide a definitive analysis of the Bush Doctrine and how it is shaping a foreign policy that projects American influence on behalf of American interests and human freedom. They make the case for war. But they also offer a roadmap for a more hopeful future in Iraq, the Mideast, and the world.

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Boycotts, of course, have their limits, and might be difficult to sustain after the shooting is over in Iraq. Which brings us to what have come to be called "non-tariff barriers to trade." This is an art form perfected by the French and Germans. To coddle their inefficient farmers, these countries and their European Union allies have banned the importation of genetically modified foods. Never mind that their own scientists have found these foods to be perfectly safe, and that E.U. trade representatives privately admit that they could not sustain the ban were we to challenge it at the World Trade Organization. Many American agricultural products are *verboten* in Europe—no tariffs necessary to accomplish the protectionist objectives of the E.U.

Now we certainly don't want to do anything to harm farmers in E.U. countries that are standing with us. But would it be unreasonable to insist on more detailed labeling of Evian and other French waters that we consume by the millions of gallons, including the sort of health warnings that are more and more in demand by discerning consumers? Think of the effect of requiring large red labels, truthfully stating, "This water contains magnesium, silica, and sulfates." Scary stuff to the average consumer.

Then there are all those German cars. Here we could learn a lesson from the French, who once required that all electronic products coming into the country pass through a single port of entry, manned by a single inspector, who quite understandably fell far behind in the paperwork required of importers. Or from the Japanese, who at one time required that each vehicle imported into the country be given a safety test—blanket approval of each brand was not allowed.

Lest all of this sound harsh, keep in mind how the E.U., led by France, treats our most important non-agricultural exports, airplanes and audio-visual products. They subsidize Boeing's major competitor; limit American programs to 50 percent of TV air time; and impose taxes on movie tickets to subsidize French cinema and protect *la culture* from Hollywood.

There can be no doubt that such a program would be effective in getting the business communities of Germany and France (both run a trade surplus with us) to ask their governments to reconsider the most blatant aspects of their anti-American foreign policies. Germany is in recession, its official unemployment rate at 11 percent and rising. There is no prospect of a recovery of domestic demand sufficient to pull the economy out of the mire. So Germany has placed all its hopes on expanding its export market.

These hopes have already received one blow: The euro is getting more expensive relative to the dollar, making exports more expensive and imports cheaper. Selective measures designed to show Germany that Bush-bashing and opposition to important U.S. interests is not a costless exercise would be another blow to the export-led recovery for which Germany is hoping. At present, we buy more than twice as much from Germany as we sell to it and are running a trade deficit in goods of about $36 billion with Herr Schröder's nation. A reduction of our purchases would be an extraordinarily unpleasant experience for Schröder, and would provide support to opponents of his anti-American policies.

But there is more to a foreign-policy-oriented trade policy than "putting a bit of stick about." There are also carrots to be offered. Mexico is undecided whether to vote with us in the Security Council, or with the French-German peace-at-any-price axis. It would be sensible for us to suggest to the government of Mexico that American banks, which now compete to make it easier and cheaper for the legal and illegal Mexicans working here to remit billions of dollars a year to their relatives, can easily be prevented by regulators from doing that. And, should we choose, we can certainly patrol our borders with greater vigor, and interpret our NAFTA obligations more narrowly.

Sure, we need Mexican workers to do the jobs that Americans won't do —at prevailing wage rates. To replace deportees would raise operating costs and be a serious problem for our hospitality, agricultural, and other industries. But then, so would a refusal of the Security Council to give us the second resolution that we, and our most important ally, Tony Blair, need to satisfy those who for some reason see the U.N. as a source of moral legitimacy.

That's the stick. The carrot would be resumption of talks between Presidents Bush and Fox about legitimizing immigrants. Surely, those talks could be resumed once the president has succeeded in eliminating Saddam and his weapons of mass destruction, and once again has time to concentrate on improving relations with our southern neighbor.

Then there is Chile, likely but not certain to help us achieve the majority needed in the Security Council to force France to put up or shut up by vetoing a second resolution. A free trade agreement laboriously negotiated by our U.S. Trade Representative with the Chilean government is now on the table, awaiting congressional approval. Since we prefer to offer open access to our markets to friendly powers, it is difficult to imagine other than swift approval if Chile stands with us on a matter so important to our security.

The list could go on. Australia has always been our loyal ally, fighting by our side in every war in which we have found ourselves engaged. Its prime minister, John Howard, recently suffered a vote of no confidence in his upper house for sending military assets to the Gulf. So we should quickly agree to the free trade agreement Australia seeks, demonstrating to the world that we know how to reward our friends. For the same reason, we should offer Portugal assistance in coping with the environmental consequences of the recent oil spill off its coast. And Poland, which has

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selected American firms to supply its air force with fighter planes (to the consternation of the French, who have cried "politics"), should be reassured that if NATO ever hesitates to come to its aid when such assistance is needed, we stand ready to fill the gap, as we were prepared to do in the case of Turkey. Great Britain should be given relief from steel tariffs, and just about anything else within our gift so as to shore up Tony Blair with his electorate. And any E.U. applicant that is vetoed by a petulant Chirac for supporting the United States should immediately be granted a free trade agreement with us.

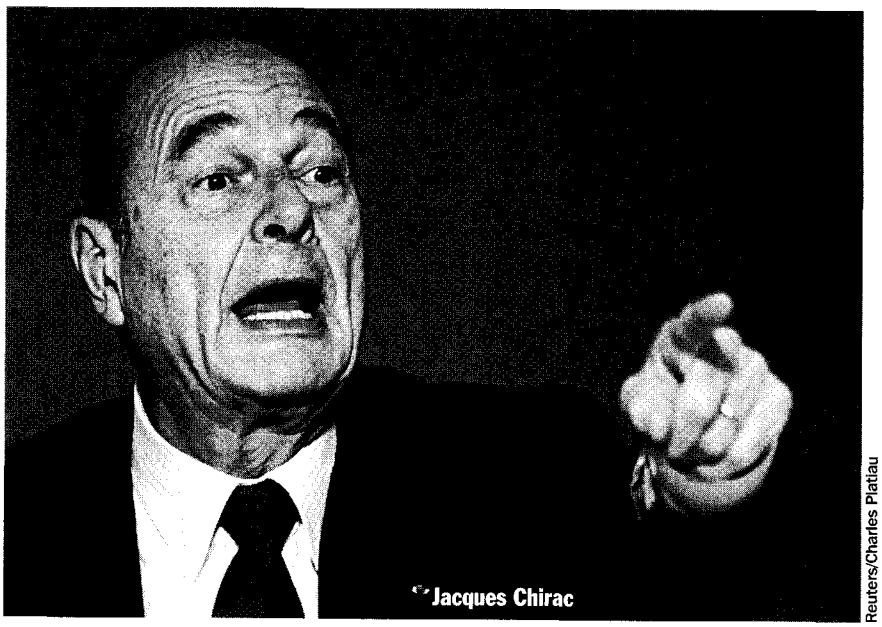
Which brings us to those other potential veto-wielders, China and Russia. We are incurring an enormous trade deficit with China, in good part as a consequence of its policy of artificially undervaluing its currency to such an extent that it would be quite a simple matter to defend retaliation, especially against a country not famous for respecting the intellectual property rights of American firms. We might start by transferring some of China's textile quota to Turkey, a suggestion made to me by a top Defense Department official. And Russia desperately needs an inflow of American capital and know-how if it is to develop the infrastructure needed to maximize its oil revenues. In both cases, friends deserve treatment different from that accorded countries that specialize in tweaking the nose of Uncle Sam.

None of this is to deny that it would be costly for us to deviate from bilateral and multilateral free trade arrangements. But it is also costly to keep tens of thousands of troops on standby in the Gulf while France and Germany stall in the U.N., not to mention dangerous to allow the world to believe that opposition to America is a costless, fun-filled exercise. In the end, deviating from a free trade agenda may be a small price to pay if it gains us a reputation for rewarding our friends and being unkind to those who don't support us. If this be demagoguery, make the most of it. ♦

Europe 1, France 0

Jacques Chirac's imperious overreach.

BY MAX BOOT



Jacques Chirac

Reuters/Charles Platiau

WE INTERRUPT the latest bout of hand-wringing over the fate of the Atlantic Alliance with an important news flash: The United States won a significant victory last week in its long-term quest to ensure that Europe remains a friend, not a competitor.

Jacques Chirac, like every one of his predecessors since Charles de Gaulle, has been trying to turn Europe into a rival power center to balance the American "hyperpower." His latest ploy was to try to rally European states against America's Iraq policies. This would seem a no-brainer given the virtual unanimity in European public opinion against a war in Iraq. But Chirac got a little too cocky, a little too ambitious, and, like Napoleon on the road from Moscow, suddenly saw his *Grande Armée* disintegrate.

First, the leaders of eight major European countries, including Britain, Poland, Spain, and Italy, signed a letter published in the *Wall Street Journal* reaffirming "a relationship with the U.S. which has stood the test of time." Then ten Eastern European states known as the Vilnius Ten issued a statement of support for the Bush administration's attempts to confront "the clear and present danger posed by Saddam Hussein's regime."

Poor Paris seemed to have only two friends left—Germany and Belgium, the former because Chancellor Gerhard Schröder was reelected on a hard-line antiwar stance, the latter because it has traditionally been France's poodle. For a month, this feckless trio blocked a resolution to let NATO plan for the defense of Turkey in the event of an Iraq war. But even Germany and Belgium jumped ship when the United States

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and its friends moved the Turkey decision out of the North Atlantic Council, where France has a seat, to the Defense Planning Committee, where France isn't represented (thanks to de Gaulle's 1966 decision to pull out of NATO's command structure). With not even his *ami* Schröder supporting him in the end, Chirac was pretty well isolated.

Nor did France get satisfaction from the emergency European Union summit called last week by Greece, which holds the E.U. presidency, to formulate a joint position on Iraq. The resulting statement was a compromise, which reaffirmed the primacy of the U.N. in dealing with Saddam Hussein, as France wanted, but also cautioned that "inspections cannot continue indefinitely," contrary to the de facto French policy.

Clearly this wasn't to the liking of the choleric Chirac. Afterwards, he lashed out at the Eastern European states that had challenged his enlightened leadership. "They missed a great opportunity to shut up," the petulant president snarled, adding that those who crossed him were guilty of "childish" and "dangerous" behavior. He even threatened to torpedo E.U. membership for the Eastern Europeans in retaliation. In other words, he told them: *L'Europe, c'est moi.*

This public bullying left many Eastern Europeans wondering if they were back in the Warsaw Pact. "We are not joining the E.U. so we can sit and shut up," the Czech foreign minister angrily retorted. Tony Blair was quick to defend the spat-upon Easterners: "I hope no one is suggesting that they should be anything but full members of the European Union and perfectly entitled to express their views."

Pass the popcorn; this is more entertaining than *Joe Millionaire*.

Yet some of our foreign policy mandarins are now warning darkly of crumbling transatlantic unity and a setback for the entire West. The cover of a recent *Economist* showed a torn-up landmass labeled "The West." Calm down, fellas. The only thing that's coming apart is France's power grab, and its failure provides a great opening for Britain to lead the rest of the continent in a different direction—more free-market, more decentralized, and more closely aligned with Washington.

But won't this mean the end of NATO, as many analysts warn? It depends on which NATO you're talking about. NATO the military alliance has been dead for years, if it was ever alive. The Kosovo conflict in 1999 showed it's virtually impossible to wage war effectively when any one of 19 nations (soon to be 26) has a veto on all targeting decisions. That's why, even after NATO invoked its Article V mutual-defense provision following September 11, the United States refused to turn Afghanistan into an alliance war. The boost to Europe's ego, the administration calculated, would not have been worth the price in lost military effectiveness.

NATO the military alliance has been dead for years. Kosovo showed that it's virtually impossible to wage war when any one of 19 nations has a veto on all targeting decisions.

But NATO the political alliance remains alive and well, despite France's efforts. This NATO will continue to perform two vital functions: integrating Eastern and Southern Europe into the West and integrating the United States into Europe. When a new military mission looms, Washington can pick and choose allies from among NATO members. Germany, for instance, won't support the United States over Iraq but, along with the Netherlands, it is now leading the peacekeeping force in Kabul. It would be nice to add an official NATO imprimatur to this mission (as general secretary George Robertson wants), but it's hardly essential.

The same ad hoc approach also works in the war on terrorism. It is often argued that we can't afford to alienate our allies over Iraq policy because we need their cooperation to disrupt the terror network. But Europeans aren't working against al Qaeda as a favor to Washington; it's in their self-interest to stop terrorists who may well strike on their soil. No matter what happens in the U.N. or NATO, we can expect French, German, and other European intelligence agencies to continue cooperating with the CIA and FBI to uncover Islamist plots.

So what exactly is the cost of frustrating France's designs to take over Europe? Merely this: the possible loss of French support in the U.N. Security Council for another Iraq resolution. Chirac is tossing around veto threats with wild abandon, because he knows this is the only power that his once-great country has left. But it's an odd sort of power, about as substantial as a rainbow, and likely to vanish as quickly. If France were to exercise its first Security Council veto since 1976, the United States would be less likely to seek U.N. support the next time around, and France could kiss its international influence *au revoir*. This is why some diplomatic hands think Paris will come around in the end to support another U.N. resolution, once it's finished milking the present crisis. It would be fine if France did, but at this point it doesn't much matter. America has already assembled a substantial alliance to support action against Saddam Hussein, including many European nations.

This doesn't mean all is rosy in transatlantic relations. It is troubling to see the off-the-charts unpopularity of Uncle Sam among ordinary Europeans. A recent poll in *Der Spiegel* found that 53 percent of Germans believe America is the world's greatest threat to peace, as opposed to only

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27 percent who think it's Iraq. (Yet Berlin is preparing for a smallpox attack from Iraq, not America.) Clearly the administration needs to do a better job selling its policies on the "European street"; it would help if top officials like Condi Rice and Colin Powell, who have credibility on the Continent, were to travel there more often to explain America's positions. The decline of NATO and the U.N. as useful forums actually might be helpful in this regard, by restoring the diplomatic focus where it should have been all along—on relations between individual countries.

It's also important to provide greater American support to Eastern European states that may be vulnerable to French retaliation. There are many possible ways to do this, such as turning NAFTA into a North *Atlantic* Free Trade Area, as suggested by John O'Sullivan, or moving U.S. bases from Germany to Eastern and Southern Europe. That will take some time, of course. In the short term, the best approach is what the administration is already doing: giving key European supporters prestige-boosting "face time" with President Bush. The president rushed back to the White House in a snowstorm to meet with Latvian president Vaira Vike-Freiberga last Monday, and this weekend he hosted Spain's prime minister, Jose Maria Aznar, at his Texas ranch. Suffice it to say, Chirac and Schröder's invitations to Crawford must be lost in the mail. This may seem juvenile (you dissed me, so I won't invite you to my sleepover), but that's how diplomacy (and high school) works.

The smartest thing the administration can do, however, is to simply stand back and let Chirac be Chirac. To compound his verbal assault on Eastern Europeans, Chirac last week hosted Robert Mugabe in Paris, even while the rest of the E.U. is trying to isolate the discredited dictator of Zimbabwe. The French president is well on his way to an unlikely achievement: making himself more unpopular in some parts of Europe than George W. Bush. ♦

War Sooner Rather Than Later

Delay can sometimes be immoral.

BY FREDERICK W. KAGAN

EVER SINCE President Bush announced his willingness to undertake "preemptive" or "preventive" wars, the chorus has grown of those who insist that war must invariably be the last resort. At the core of this argument is the conviction that war is terrible and, therefore, ethically unjustifiable unless it is the only way left in which to pursue an important aim. The preferred method, of course, is diplomacy, but there are many who would argue that economic and other sanctions are more justifiable than war and must have failed before war can justly begin. There are a number of practical objections to this belief, but they are not the chief objections. For it is frequently the case—and clearly so with regard to Iraq today—that waiting until all other avenues have been exhausted is unethical.

In almost every crisis that leads to war there comes a point at which it is plain that war is likely. At that point, both sides begin to consider what preparations they need to make to go to war, and often they begin those preparations. The warrior's art includes recognizing the moment at which an attack would carry the maximum likelihood of success. If we allow our soldiers to strike at that moment, we give them the ability to take the enemy by surprise, attacking him at a time or in a place or manner for which he is unprepared to respond. Surprise creates the conditions for successful military campaigns. The casualties are generally lower for both sides, moreover, because enemy soldiers attacked by surprise are much more likely to desert or surrender than are those who feel themselves ready for an attack.

If, on the contrary, our military is required to wait on an open-ended basis while diplomacy and other avenues are "explored," the likelihood of achieving surprise is dramatically reduced. What is more, the enemy is given time to prepare himself to fight, digging into defensive positions, predesignating targets for strikes by artillery, missiles, or weapons of mass destruction, training, stocking up on supplies, and so forth. As time goes on and the enemy observes our own military preparations, he gains an ever fuller understanding of what forces we intend to bring to bear and how we may use them.

Another problem with waiting for diplomacy to fail is that soldiers, sailors, and airmen cannot maintain the highest level of war-readiness indefinitely. There is a psychological dimension to this problem, in that daily expectation of an event that does not come is both exhausting and numbing. There is also a practical dimension. Soldiers, sailors, and airmen who are standing by for an operation are rarely able to continue full-scale combat training. Without that training, their combat skills begin to degrade. Every day that goes by after the best moment to strike has passed and before combat begins is likely to degrade the combat capabilities of our troops.

The result is that we provide the enemy with a much greater ability to hurt us. And that hurt is measured in

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the lives of our troops in the field lost because of delay in the attack. To be sure, if there is a prospect that diplomacy might succeed, the likelihood of that success must be weighed against the probability that more lives will be lost if war is delayed. The ethics of the situation thus are less clear cut than proponents of "letting diplomacy take its course" like to claim.

There are other important reasons to fear delay in any situation in which it is unlikely that non-military means will secure our aims. First, there is the danger to civilians. In the case of Iraq, as Saddam digs in, he is working to intermingle his forces, command bunkers, and weapon sites with the civilian population to complicate our targeting and increase civilian casualties despite our best efforts to avoid them.

In cases such as Somalia, Bosnia, and Kosovo, our delay in acting allowed atrocities to continue long after they could have been stopped. Imagine the lives that could have been saved had we intervened in each of those places when it became clear that diplomacy would not work quickly. When genocide is underway, it is immoral to wait a moment longer than necessary before acting decisively.

Still another reason to fear delay is that it leaves the initiative in the hands of our enemies. In the case of North Korea, for instance, the cost could be very high. By waiting while diplomacy takes its course, we allow our enemies to perceive the changing balance of military force and probabilities of success and, if they are so inclined, to choose an opportune moment to attack. In such a case, they may be able to achieve surprise, inflict defeat, and change the situation to their advantage before we can respond. The fact that we will ultimately defeat just about any state we might fight today is not a good enough answer from the ethical perspective. We must weigh the price of delay. We must ask how many lives waiting will cost.

This is not to say that whenever there is a chance of war, we should attack at the most militarily propitious moment. There are occasions when demonstrations of force or limited build-ups can create the conditions for successful diplomacy. We must never lock ourselves into military action or exclude the possibility of a peaceful settlement simply in order to ensure the best military conditions for an attack.

Some conflicts, however, are irreducible. Iraq invaded Kuwait in 1990, was defeated and driven out in 1991, and committed itself in that year to a series of binding international agreements to eliminate its weapons of mass destruction and allow international agencies unfettered access to verify its compliance. That it has not complied with those agreements over the intervening 12 years is beyond doubt. No responsible person can claim that Iraq has disarmed.

Iraq has defied the international community, moreover, in the face of crippling economic sanctions and even the limited use of military force. The possibility that Saddam will see reason, or that someone in his carefully purged and watched inner circle will decide to remove him *and then comply* with the agreements he made, is minuscule.

Unless a miracle occurs or we lose our will, this war will come. Fighting it without surprise, at the enemy's convenience, may prolong it and cost the lives of many more Americans and allies and Iraqis. In this situation, the time to strike should be determined in accord with military expediency and on no other timetable. Only that course of action is ethically defensible. ♦

Jihad As Explained by *USA Today*

Wahhabi outreach via direct mail.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

A FLYER innocuously entitled "Q & A on Islam and Arab Americans" was recently mass-mailed to a list including journalists in Washington. Conspicuous at the top of the first page, the *USA Today* logo readies the reader to ingest bite-sized morsels of information, simple but reliable—and only then prompts him to scratch his head and wonder just why *USA Today* should be seeking to educate him about Islam.

The return address is unenlightening: "IIIT, P.O. Box 669, Herndon, VA 20172-0669." Only the eagle-eyed reporter will spot, in minuscule type at the bottom of the last page, the copyright, by the International Institute of Islamic Thought. And at once, the enterprise comes clear.

The IIIT is among the innumerable, ostensibly cultural, educational, and religious institutions founded, controlled, and/or influenced by the Saudi-Wahhabi movement, which promotes Islamic fundamentalism worldwide. The most notorious of these institutions are the hundreds of Islamic schools the Saudis funded in Pakistan to propagate Wahhabism. Those *madrassas* have their well-camouflaged counterparts in the Western world.

One strategic purpose of these institutions is to seize control of the definition of Islam. If they can persuade the non-Islamic world that no element of Islam threatens them, they will have bought some cover for

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extremism. (Think of the old Communists defining themselves as "progressives.") By inducing Westerners to avoid really learning about Islam, they hope to deflect attention from the crazies who strap suicide explosives onto teenagers or fly airplanes into office buildings or kill nosy reporters like Daniel Pearl. They certainly mean to deflect any questions about intolerant and corrupt regimes that blow up historic artifacts or stay in power by coercion.

Islam is one, and Muslims are uniformly peaceful—don't get hung up on the excesses of the Taliban or believe what you hear about hate-spewing anti-Jewish literature sold in mosques. To show how the IIIT's "*USA Today*" flyer serves the nice-and-bland message, consider its treatment of two questions about women.

> Q: What is the role of women in Islam?
> A: Under Islamic law, women have always had the right to own property, receive an education and otherwise take part in community life. Men and women are to be respected equally. The Islamic rules for modest dress apply to women and men equally.

In the first sentence of that reply, note the words "have always." The record, we are told, is consistent on this point. Yet females were excluded from schooling in Taliban-controlled Afghanistan. In some places heavily influenced by fundamentalists, women can't so much as set foot in mosques to pray. "Men and women are to be respected equally," we are told, but under the extreme interpretations of Islamic law introduced by Saudi agents in Africa and Asia, adulteresses are subject to death by stoning, while adulterers go free. In Saudi Arabia, of course, women are not allowed to drive cars or to travel unaccompanied by males.

> Q: Why do Muslim women cover their hair?
> A: Islam teaches modesty for women and men. Women are required to cover their bodies so that their figure is not revealed and only their faces and hands are shown. The head scarf is called a hijab or chador. The long, robelike garment is called an abayah, jilbab or chador. This requirement is designed to protect women and give them respect. The dress of Muslim women is similar to that of Christian nuns, who also cover their bodies and hair. Muslim women are not required to cover their faces as is done in some Middle Eastern countries.

Consider the premise of the question, that Muslim women actually do cover their hair. It implicitly rules out

of order the millions and millions of Muslim women who do *not* cover their hair. In most Islamic societies, the decision to adopt this practice is a matter of local custom and personal choice. In the Balkans, Turkey, Central Asia, and Southeast Asia, Muslim women who cover their hair are rare. Similarly, although non-revealing clothing is here called a "requirement" of Islam, it is not the universal practice among Muslim women, as Western designers beholden to wealthy Middle Eastern clients can testify.

Speaking of revealing, the flyer's handling of the question "What is jihad?" is a doozy.

> A: Jihad does not mean 'holy war.' Literally, jihad in Arabic means to strive, struggle and exert effort. It is a central and broad Islamic concept that includes struggle against evil inclinations within oneself, struggle to improve the quality of life in society, struggle in the battlefield for self-defense or fighting against tyranny or oppression.

Here we have the money quote: "Jihad does not mean 'holy war.'" A few lines later, however, jihad does include "struggle in the battlefield." The truth is, military jihad cannot be written out of Islam. The prophet Mohammed himself led armies. This answer would be more honest if it said, "Jihad cannot be reduced to the idea of 'holy war.'" But IIIT seeks only to escape responsibility for the Wahhabi "jihad," which has been terroristic since the founding of the Wahhabi cult in central Arabia 250 years ago.

The back of the flyer contains a list of recommended websites and books on Islam. While most of the volumes embody the academic apologetics retailed by individuals like John Esposito and Karen Armstrong, the list also includes titles by Hassan Hathout, an inveterate apologist for extremism, and the sinister Bill Baker. The author of a virulent polemic against Israel, *Theft of a Nation*, Baker has been a guest on *Radio Free America*, a program backed by fascist agitator Willis Carto. There Baker offered this opinion: "The American people better wake up now and take a stand now so they won't allow one American child to be sent to defend Israel." As for the websites, they tend to be hospitable to the view of America as a rogue state bent on terrorizing its Muslim residents.

IIIT may be comfortable with all this. But *USA Today*, from whose website the Q & A is reprinted with permission, should beware lending respectability to Wahhabi institutions. And patriotic Americans, Muslim and non-Muslim alike, should recognize the IIIT's flyer for what it is—junk mail. ♦

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Dire Straits

The war on terror's Singapore front

By Austin Bay

Singapore

The bumboat ferry from Changi Point to Pulau Ubin may be as close as modern Singapore gets to Joseph Conrad's tropic island of trade and empire. Instead of coconut copra the boat's smell is diesel, but the engine chugs at a steam-driven rhythm and the deckhouse is open to the humid air and high noon of the equatorial sun.

Just 60 miles above the Equator—astride the main sea lane between the Indian and Pacific Oceans—Singapore's location is still its raison d'etre. Prime property for 19th-century commerce remains key economic and geostrategic real estate in the 21st. In the 19th century tin and tea and British troops were high-priority shipments. Today supertankers nose through the Strait of Malacca, connecting Middle Eastern oil fields to Asia's economic tigers. Merchant freighters move in both directions, as do warships.

All of which makes the ferry ride more than a tourist jaunt. Pulau Ubin and a handful of other jungle-green islets sit in the Johor Strait, the heavily trafficked northern waterway separating Singapore from Malaysia. East of Pulau Ubin, one shipping channel swings south from Johor, cutting well to starboard of the bumboat's route. That channel leads to Singapore's Changi Naval Base, where U.S. Navy aircraft carriers berth occasionally and capital ships stop as they shuttle to and from patrol stations.

Know the terrain, the technology, and the terrorists, and you don't need a Hollywood imagination to peg the channel as a perfect site for an ambush. Given ships in transit and the size of the kill zone, it would require speed, so a dinghy, like the one al Qaeda used on the docked USS *Cole* in Aden, won't cut it. Iran has used pesky Boghammers to harass ships in the Persian Gulf—one of those Swedish speedboats might work, as would a drug runner's Cigarette. The fast boat, packed with explosives and a suicide pilot, could slip from an inlet on the Malaysian side, gun its engine, whirl around an islet, perhaps Pulau Tekong, seeking the slate gray side of a carrier. It won't be a straight shot, though. There'll be tugs, armed escorts—

From the stern of the ferry, in the noonday sun, I visualize the moment.

An American officer familiar with U.S. Navy security concerns in southeast Asia first tipped me to the aircraft carrier scenario. "Singapore's a logical choice for a 'super *Cole*' operation, or something similar," he said. That was October 2001. We sat in a CENTCOM office, a world map tacked to the wall (U.S. Central Command is responsible for our security interests from the Horn of Africa into Central Asia). "The Straits of Malacca are a chokepoint. The U.S. has log[istics] support on Singapore, to an extent replacing what we lost when we moved out of Subic [Bay, Philippines]. It's a nice place, First World in the Third World. Even if it wasn't a U.S. ally, Islamists don't like the island. It's Chinese—that's what the radicals say. They don't like it. Not because it isn't Muslim, but because it's a wealthy Chinese island dumped between two predominantly Muslim nations, Malaysia and Indonesia."

The officer and I explored several "ship assault" scenarios, including a tanker scuttled in the straits (this was a year before al Qaeda attacked a French tanker off Yemen). Our Malacca incident had the plot of a novel, with Indonesian or Malaysian pirates assisting al Qaeda operatives. The broken tanker spills a million barrels of crude, creating an eco-disaster, Exxon goo lapping pristine south sea beaches. The attack has iconic qualities, underlining Western and Japanese reliance on Mideast oil, producing the sort of propaganda bonanza a terrorist zealot literally dies for.

Then I said, "Sink a super carrier? The armor? U.S. Navy damage control? And we're watching for these guys."

"Yeah," he replied. "But after September 11, the far out's too real. Rumsfeld says it's a new kind of war."

Austin Bay is an author and syndicated columnist. His novel The Wrong Side of Brightness *will be published this spring by Putnam/Berkley Books.*

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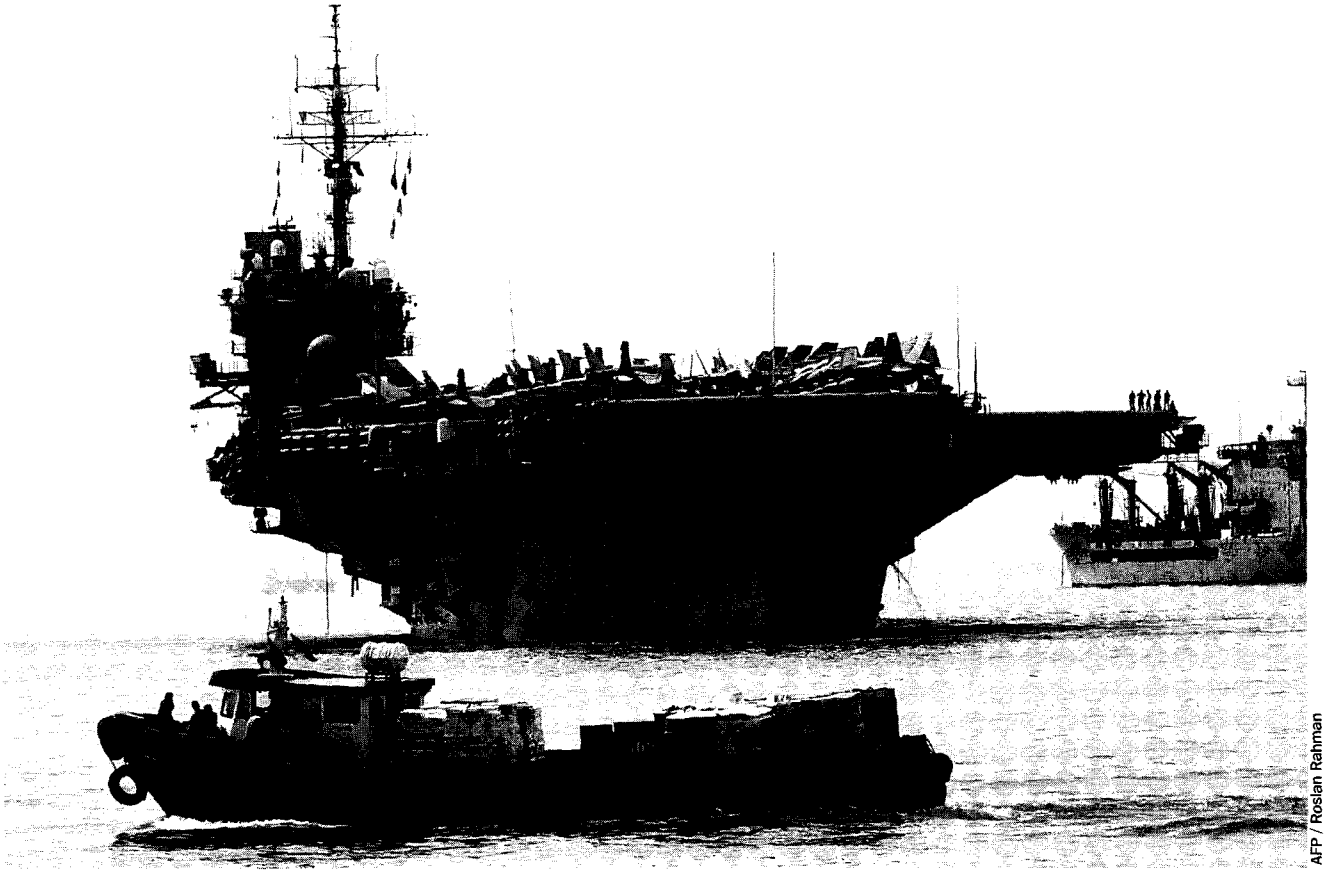

AFP / Roslan Rahman

The USS Kittyhawk *in the Malacca Strait*

A new kind of war? Maybe, but for Mr. Chang it's not so new. His real name isn't Chang—not even close. Getting cops and counterterror intelligence officers to talk exacts a price, and that price is strict anonymity. I can say Chang has worked with a sophisticated group of intelligence officers and cops, drawing on assets from Malaysia, the United States, and Singapore's Internal Security Department (ISD). Their common foe is Jemaah Islamiyah (JI), al Qaeda's branch operation in Southeast Asia, headed by radical Indonesian cleric Abu Bakar Bashir.

Chang taps the map I've drawn, a black wriggle indicating strait and channel. "JI members discussed this attack, but they discuss much. They talk. But planned it to the point of carrying it out?" He shrugs.

I mention having heard that JI has reconned the approaches to Changi. That would suggest JI's naval operation has moved from talk to active consideration.

"Then you go find open sources who can confirm chatter," Chang says. "What I am trying to say to you, from my experience, is that American vessels and foreign embassies are not necessarily their only targets, Colonel."

Colonel. A careful investigator, he'd been to my website and elsewhere. I tell him I'm just a reservist.

"Yes," Chang smiles. "Yes, Mr. Bay." He amuses himself.

"But you agree a U.S. Navy ship is a prime target. Big headlines?"

"There are other attractive targets," he says, "from their [JI's] perspective. Malaysia, Singapore, Philippines, Indonesia—this region's been with this longer than you. We've been targets longer than you. I don't say this to insult. . . . America has joined our war."

Three weeks after this conversation, the Singapore Home Affairs Ministry released a white paper confirming JI's plans for a sea attack. According to the report, markings on a topographical map ISD acquired "identified a strategic kill zone where the channel was narrowest and where the naval ships would have no room to avoid a collision with a suicide vessel."

But evidence gathered by Singapore's ISD over the past five years also makes Chang's point: Singapore, Indonesia, and Malaysia lie first and foremost in JI's geostrategic kill zone. JI has large plans for the whole of Southeast Asia, plans dating from well before 9/11. Drawing on cadres schooled in past radical political move-

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ments that used Islam as both a wedge issue and a rallying cause, JI seeks to establish a grand "Islamic state" stretching from southern Thailand through Malaysia, the Philippine and Indonesian archipelagoes, and Australia. Indeed, JI produced a "green map" where the reach of sharia, as interpreted by JI leadership, extends into the Australian continent and New Guinea. Fanciful? Megalomaniacal? After 9/11 only the willfully blind can dismiss the motivating power of such an imperial eschatology.

Chang shows me a copy of JI's dreamland, pulling the map from his brown notebook and placing it on the counter. It's our second meeting. Chang orders a latte as I study the map. Borneo, Java, Thailand's Krak peninsula, the whole of the Philippines, western and northern Australia shaded in this photocopy.

"They believe it," he says.

And belief, in that crowd, becomes bombs. Or, rather, it becomes dreams of bombing campaigns. JI hatched plans to attack Singapore's international airport. JI jihadis reconnoitered the cargo center on Singapore's Jurong Island. Shipping containers may be the most frightening potential delivery device for a terrorist's nuclear bomb. A Taiwanese businessman told me about his company's concerns with the safety of shipping containers moving through the Strait. Singapore worries him less than Malaysia because "Singapore police do a serious job of cargo inspection." Still, seized notes and confessions from arrested JI operatives about an attack on the Jurong complex put a scare in trade-dependent Singapore. Which is the strategic ploy.

"JI chooses [terror operations] in Singapore for the demonstrative effect," says K. Kesavapany, director of Singapore's Institute of Southeast Asian Studies. We are in his chauffeured car, driving down Napier Road, a toney, tree-shaded boulevard where the U.S., British, and Australian embassies line up like well-fenced bunkers. All three, as well as the Israeli embassy, had made JI's target list. "We in Singapore have our guard up, so if al Qaeda and Jemaah Islamiyah could get it done here, a terror strike, they can get it done anywhere in the region. That is the message." We pass a bus stop across from the U.S. embassy, the spot where a JI recon team videotaped the approaches to the American compound.

"We're an island World Trade Center," Kesavapany adds, as his driver turns the corner to drop me off at my hotel.

Over afternoon tea I get a scholar's take on JI's plans for Malaysia. Again, no direct attribution. Why? He's a Muslim and, to paraphrase Mr. Kesavapany, he comes from a country where JI can get it done.

"Jemaah Islamiyah in Malaysia. They are clever, yes. They have an education program. But their secret is no secret. It's money. Arab money. Saudi Arab money."

"Can you prove that?"

"Where else but oil does it come from?" he says. "I know what I am told. With that money they promote the Arabization of our Islam in Southeast Asia. Object and you face personal violence."

Arabization is a highly nuanced term, one used repeatedly among Malaysian and Indonesian Muslims I talk to. The general drift is that it represents a movement toward an aggressive anti-Western, anti-secular, and racially tinged Islam in Southeast Asia, the racial tinge being anti-Chinese.

The short version of JI's "education program" is that terrorist cash muscles out public and moderate Muslim educators in Malaysian villages. Undermining the schools "preys on a [strategic] weakness in Malaysia," the scholar says. "Their object is to undermine moderate Muslims."

I ask for his definition of a moderate Muslim.

"A Muslim who accepts the nation-state system," he replies.

The October 12, 2002, bombing of a nightclub on the Indonesian island of Bali was a "choice target," Colter tells me. No, Colter isn't his real name, but it should be. His blue eyes are as hard as gun barrels. He is an "American asset." That's the lingo, which is supposed to say a load without saying much. "Bali's a Hindu island with Australian tourists. Australia is an active U.S. ally. That blast was an economic shot at Indonesia. *New York Times* Sunday travel section readers know where Bali is."

The Bali bombing killed almost 200 people and injured another 300. It also demonstrated that al Qaeda was still probing Malaysia, Singapore, and Indonesia.

"What kind of counterterror cooperation exists with Indonesia since Bali?" I ask Chang, when I see him again.

"Since Bali the Indonesian police have been able to act more readily. Malaysia, Indonesia, Singapore—the police cooperate closely."

"But until the Bali mess, the Indonesian government was publicly denying the threat of radical Islamists in Indonesia?" I prod.

Chang doesn't reply.

Subways are another choice target. Singapore beefed up its counterterror unit after the 1995 Aum Shin Rikyo sarin nerve gas attack in Tokyo. A December 2000 terror attack on the Manila metro sent shock waves through the region. Indonesian Islamic militants were implicated in that attack. Filipino and other intelligence services had already developed dossiers linking JI to the Philippines'

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Moro Islamic Liberation Front (MILF). Jihadis trained with the MILF in the southern Philippines until the Philippine military began overrunning the camps in 2000 and 2001.

But for the clinching evidence putting JI in al Qaeda's bosom, check out the reconnaissance video of Singapore's Yishun metro station, which can be downloaded from the Singapore Ministry of Home Affairs website (*www2.mha.gov.sg/mha/detailed.jsp?artid=215&type=4&root=0&parent=0&cat=0&mode=arc*). Yishun is a subway stop near Sembawang, where U.S. naval facilities are located. The narrator of the video analyzes the arrival of the connecting bus outside the station and discusses the comings and goings of U.S. military personnel. One sequence focuses on a street drain as the voice, in cold sing-song, muses that it could be "useful."

The tape sounds like a bad outtake from *Mission Impossible*. But it isn't. The Yishun tape was acquired by "American assets" in Afghanistan.

"Singapore's ISD was already onto the JI cell when U.S. forces picked up the video in an Afghan location," Colter tells me.

"But someone in D.C. took credit for the tape as leading to December 2001's mass round-up of jihadis?" I ask.

"ISD has a legitimate gripe," Colter replies.

"With [oil] money they promote the Arabization of our Islam in Southeast Asia. Object and you face personal violence."

Arrests and convictions of terrorists are a measure of success, and by that measure Singapore has an extraordinary track record for busting terror cells. The biggest roundups were in December 2001 (15 arrests) and in September 2002 (21 arrests). I know all about Lee Kwan Yew, the imperious boss of the city-state. I know about the canings (a punishment dating from British colonial days); I know the press gets clamped occasionally. I know the government arranges dates for men and women with college degrees because it worries about eugenics and about population decline. Singapore desperately needs an effective political opposition. That being said, it's a party town and no police state. The arrests of terrorists speak to the threat level, not to police intrusiveness.

Home Affairs Ministry spokesman Mrs. Ong-Chew Peck Wan tells me, "After September 11, we stepped up our security measures, including tightening border and immigration controls, protecting our key installations, particularly those strategic to us. As well as very sensitive targets, for example, the embassies."

The December 2001 arrests thwarted embassy bombings. An Indonesian, Fathur Rohman al-Ghozi, was subsequently arrested in the Philippines in connection with planned attacks. Al-Ghozi was identified as one of two al Qaeda terror experts who advised the Singapore cell.

In the entrance hallway of the U.S. embassy stands a bell given to the city of Singapore by Paul Revere's daughter. The bell was cast by the Revere works in Boston in the 1840s.

Getting into the embassy to see it, however, is a trick in these post-9/11 days. Outside Gurkhas patrol, inside Marines and plainclothesmen aided by electronics examine every stitch.

Frank Lavin, U.S. ambassador to Singapore, is an energetic and erudite man. "This is a war with many fronts and requires intense cooperation," he says. "Southeast Asia is a major theater of this war, no doubt about that. Indonesia is the world's most populous Muslim nation. Jemaah Islamiyah's transnational character demonstrates the need to cooperate. Singapore's done a superb job, as good as the U.S. But we know there could still be an incident."

I mention a video I've seen, one shot from the bus stop across the street, the U.S. embassy cased as a target.

"Diplomats are in the front line of this war," is his clipped response.

As I leave the embassy, a guard with a smile to put a cheshire cat to shame watches, his submachine gun professionally slung.

"What unit are you in?" I ask.

"Gurkha Contingent." Translation: He's a mercenary working special security duties for Singapore.

"The bus stop across the street. I saw a video shot by terrorists from that spot."

"Not now," he replies. No cockiness, lots of confidence.

"That's an MP-5," I say, pointing to his weapon.

"Yes . . . do you know it?"

"When I was in the American Army I had an M-3 .45 caliber sub in my tank. Not as fancy as that MP-5."

"When were you in the Army?"

"Well, I'm still in the reserves."

"Really?" With a quick click he pops me a salute.

I start to tell him I'm here as a writer. But I don't. I salute him, then head down the sidewalk to the street, a stretch of concrete that's as much a front line in this strange world war as Wall Street, or the Pentagon, or a minefield in southern Iraq. ♦

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Boot Camp for Journalists

The next best thing to being a war correspondent

By Matt Labash

Woodstock, Virginia

Whenever journalists get together over drinks, which is to say, whenever journalists get together, they tell war stories. But nothing can break a run-of-the-mill reporter's momentum faster than having to trade figurative war stories with an actual war correspondent, who has real ones. The latter breed, it seems, embodies all the stereotypes of regular journalists, only magnified: They are more fearless and fatalistic, heavier drinkers and worse dressers.

It's small surprise that at some point most of us would like to impersonate one. For as Vietnam correspondent Malcolm Browne wrote of the psychopathology of war, it "eventually reduces even hardened veterans to vomiting funk, but nevertheless radiates a deceptively beautiful light that draws the likes of Ernie Pyle into the flame." Few, if any of us, could ever follow such a writer as Ernie Pyle (nor would we want to, since he did, after all, get shot dead after moving one too many times to the front in World War II). But as we edge closer to conflict with Iraq, even those like me not entirely convinced of the war's necessity are still inexplicably drawn. Getting in theater would mean a chance to use terms like "in theater," to tell dramatic stories, and perhaps to act manfully—assuming my wife lets me go.

After Afghanistan, the Pentagon promised to increase access by "embedding" hundreds of reporters fulltime in military units. But even those who are selected for this might not get to the fight. In Desert Storm, what with restrictive media pools and a choke chain continuously yanked by military public affairs officers, only 10 percent of reporters in theater actually made it into battle.

So as journalists gird themselves for the sequel to Desert Storm, we are being bombarded by another type of faux war story: filed from war school. War school has many of the upsides of war without all the drawbacks. It allows you to feel warlike while brushing up against military types. But no one tries to kill you. To find out how to preserve our hides should we get to the fight, scores of us have flocked to the frost-covered hills of the Massanutten Military Academy in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, where former British Royal Marines commandos from the U.K.-based private firm Centurion Risk Assessment Services charge $2,300 for a five-day course showing reporters how blissfully ignorant they are about war.

Since 1995, Centurion has shown over 10,000 reporters everything from how to take appropriate cover in a mortar attack to how to treat shrapnel wounds complete with life-like polyurethane viscera and spurting blood. The Pentagon began a similar media boot camp last fall. Their version is as much about acclimating reporters to actually living with a military unit as it is about teaching survival essentials, so journalists have to wake up at dawn's crack and haul rucksacks on five-mile marches. As a result, the softer British version is known by some as "wussy war school," though in fairness to us, our Ramada Inn didn't offer room service or pay-per-view, and the pool was frozen over.

The lack of hazing, Centurion founder Paul Rees tells me from his U.K. office, is by design. Military-sponsored courses, he says, can be "too regimented, too formal—some people are frightened to go boo because they might get a barking from some officer bawling his head off all the time." That approach leaves the journalists "absolutely knackered—three quarters through the day you want to unravel your sleeping bag. We think you learn faster by having constructive, realistic training." Besides, Rees adds, his way, journalists and instructors can end the day together in a place for which they share a natural affinity—the hotel bar.

During the Falklands War, in which most Centurion

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instructors fought, journalists gave away their positions, Rees says. Consequently, "We used to think journalists were a pain in the ass and didn't want anything to do with them." But his men, he says, have come around after years of operating in the field with journalists (you can hire a Centurion to escort you to Baghdad for around $400 a day).

That's not to say they're overly chummy. The instructors' ringleader, Jan Mills, warns us that "the lads take a while to warm to you." And with his David Niven air and icy delivery, it sometimes seems as if Mills would rather snap our necks than teach us the Seven P's (Prior Planning Preparation Prevents Piss-Poor Performance). As he rounds us up on the first day, one journalist tries to get too familiar too fast. "Go on and have your breakfast," Jan says, as if removing a parasite.

Illustration by Thomas Fluharty

In our subfreezing classroom, maybe two dozen rumpled print reporters and photographers gather. The exception is an attractive Asian-American television reporter for the public-school network Channel One. She looks familiar. And when she offers her name—Janet Choi—it clicks. She was formerly a cast member on MTV's reality show *The Real World*. Apparently the only one with bad enough taste to watch the show, I'm the only member of the class who recognizes her.

As I introduce myself, I am full of *Real World* inquiries. Just why did Seattle housemate Stephen slap Irene, for starters? But she beseeches me not to reveal her past to our classmates. She has opened a new chapter as a television reporter. My first reaction is, What's a softee like her doing in a course like this? But then I learn Janet's covered Afghanistan and Colombia, has been in North Korea under deep cover, and is just back from a stint in the Amazon jungle where she went four days without food. She probably thinks all the calamity, pestilence, and threatened violence she's experienced impresses me. But it doesn't—I've covered Reform party conventions.

It is clear, straightaway, that we're not at military boot camp when an instructor, mindful of our lunch needs, inquires, "Anyone here a vegetarian?" But this is the last display of wussiness. For if the course had a prom-like theme, it would be "8 Million Ways to Die"—and the Centurion boys seem to be up on most of them. The room where we meet is blanketed in public awareness posters featuring everything from assault rifles to anti-tank mines to ways to detect letter bombs (oily stains, discoloration, irregular writing—not unlike most of my reader mail).

We go outside, then are walked through a booby-trapped house and tricked-out pathways. We try not to step in horse droppings while our untrained eyes struggle to pick out all manner of irregularities, from sniper's nests to branches obstructing our path, forcing us into a tripwire, which none of us sees. Occasionally things go bang, sending us sprawling. "I love the smell of cordite in the morning," says one sadistic instructor.

In grenade training, instructor Paul Burton asks us

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what we would do if a grenade came flying toward us. "Jump on it," says one movie-reared journalist. "Clearly, we have a lot of work to do," says Burton, who makes us hit the deck, feet together, since "if you keep your legs open, you're going to end up with more than a smile on your face when it explodes."

Instructor Paul Richard tells us to get in the habit of not looking up during enemy aerial attacks since nothing gives away cover like pilots seeing "a big load of white faces." He teaches us to survey the near and middle distance for irregular shapes and suspicious patterns. "Sooner or later, things will move," he says. "And it's the person who moves first who normally dies. So be patient." One journalist asks him what kinds of things we should be on the lookout for in Iraq. "Departure ground," he says, blackly, meaning get evacuated.

Inside, we learn all manner of useful MacGyver-ish tips in the event "it all goes horribly wrong," as the instructors frequently say. After years of arctic, mountain, desert, and jungle training, they may not be able to make convertible Jaguars out of toothpicks, but they come pretty close. Burton cheers us by warning that 97 percent of the world's surface drinking water is polluted, so "you got to get it right, otherwise, you'll kill yourself." He shows us how to use socks or pantyhose for a water filter, then to spike our delicious sock-water with iodine, the neutron bomb of water purification.

A reporter asks, If we don't have access to water, can we drink alcohol? "Leave it to a journalist to ask that," Burton says. We shouldn't, nor should we drink our own urine. Though he does show us how to make a solar still by digging a hole, placing a cup of urine and some green vegetation in it, covering it with a plastic sheet, then waiting for the sun to extract moisture, providing condensation, which drips off the sheet and back down into an empty cup, thus making safe drinking water. We can also extract water straight from plants, but be careful of the eucalyptus tree, Burton warns, "It will kill you."

We watch the journalistic equivalent of snuff films—footage of journalists and other civil-disturbance attendees getting shot, maimed, mauled, and stampeded. It's a cold reminder that the world is a dangerous place. Not that some of us needed one. A Knight-Ridder reporter tells us of the time his car was sprayed with bullets at a checkpoint in Nairobi. A *Houston Chronicle* correspondent relays being robbed at gunpoint in his cab in Mexico City (the cabdriver was in on it). An instructor tells us that an *L.A. Times* reporter who was enrolled in our class was yanked at the last minute after two of his colleagues were kidnapped in Colombia. A *Wall Street Journal* reporter, currently stationed in South America, says his last gig was out of the South Asia bureau, where he was replaced by Danny Pearl.

It's enough to make you want to get some fresh air—which we do, when instructor Kenny Dalton leads us to a patch of dislodged earth covered by curious brush—a secret garden of things that he says will blow off your arms, legs, "todgers," and pretty much everything else. "Try not to kick the foliage," he warns, "cause it might go bang." I ask him what kind of mines we're looking at. "Don't fawking care," he says, lighting a cigarette. "Bad. Mines are bad. Bad mine."

Kenny speaks from experience. In the Falklands, he spent eleven hours one night stranded in a minefield after watching a mate get his foot blown off. He breaks into a mock monologue of a cowboy reporter: "I'm going to be the journalist who finally meets Mr. bin Laden. Here's my story on how I lost my leg." Incidentally, he adds, "if anybody does lose a leg—if you'd send me the photographs for the next course, that would be lovely."

Kenny tells us the key is to be constantly vigilant, to look for the "absence of the normal, the presence of the un-normal," always to assess our risks. If we are traveling through a mine-laden country, he says, we may be better off using the bathroom on the road than gallivanting off into a field. A female reporter whose next assignment is Afghanistan asks, "Right in front of your Muslim driver?" "Would you rather show him your ass," responds Kenny, "or kiss it goodbye?"

While this is depressing, Kenny promises, "Wait till Friday, you're really going to be miserable." Friday is chemical warfare day. And while there's general levity as we suit up in our chem/bio suits, fastening our gas masks while pinching bad *Star Wars* dialogue like discount Darth Vaders, the party is soon over. We have to practice getting our masks on in nine seconds—roughly the interval before we're told it's curtains. With talk of everything from sarin to smallpox, and symptoms from uncontrollable salivating to rectal bleeding to loss of bowel control to death, it's small wonder, as instructor Rick Strange tells me, that "after this course, lots of people say journalism's not for me. They go into teaching."

The week's most dramatic turn, however, comes when the instructors take us hostage. After a loud explosion and bursts of gunfire, the instructors, in black balaclavas and armed to the teeth, pull a surprise attack on our bus. They tell us to shut up, put hoods over our heads, and make us file out. Unable to see, we are marched around in sharp zigzag patterns, until our tightly cinched hoods make us wheeze like asthmatic turkeys in an oven bag. I become so starved for oxygen that I have to loosen mine, hoping not to

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earn another light cuff to the head, which are regularly administered throughout the ordeal.

They throw us to the cold ground, strip us of all our belongings—including our wedding rings—and let us suck on it for what feels like hours, but is only about 30 minutes. Once it's over, we all skulk off, sharing captivity stories. We talk about how we almost suffocated. The *Independent*'s Andrew Buncombe looks steamed: "Somebody hit me in the bollocks," he says. Another reporter comes out of it with his rain-pants around his ankles. We don't want to know what happened to him.

After returning to class, Jan asks dryly, "Is anyone injured? You did sign your indemnity forms?" A *New York Times* reporter is still missing after a dashing escape to the woods. But while Rick Strange tells me it's more impressive than the last student who took flight (he forgot to take his hood off and nearly knocked himself out on a tree), our escapee would have been dead three times over. Strange tells me of all the sharpshooting laurels he has earned. I ask him what kind of targets he's best with. "Live ones," he says.

Back in the hotel bar each night, we continue our education. There is much frivolity—the random arm-wrestling challenge, Kenny singing the whale parts from Judy Collins's *Whales & Nightingales* album. But occasionally, the instructors slip in a somber note on a bellyful of beer—telling how war will spoil your day, or sometimes the rest of your days. "I went through it from flash to bang," says one, of his time in the Falklands. "It was no f— joke."

I corral Kenny, who looks like a scuffed-up George Clooney, and his life story tumbles out. He grew up in a bleak English factory town, descended from a line of storied military men and barroom brawlers. He got into plenty of scrapes himself, spending three weeks in the clink in the middle of his Marine training ("Some guy stole something. I threw a chair at him. It just happened to stick in his chest"). In the brig, he learned there's always somebody bigger and tougher, such as Mr. Tuesday ("We called him Mr. Tuesday, cause if he said it was Tuesday, it was fawking Tuesday").

He briefly interrupted his commando career when he had it in mind to join the Royal Navy bobsledding team and try to reach the Olympics. "What do I know about fawking bobsleds," he says. "I fell off my first time down the hill—70 miles an hour on my ass. End of bobsled career." Instead he went back to something more dangerous—being a commando. He was nearly blown up when his foot glanced a tripwire in Northern Ireland, and he almost froze/drowned in Antarctica.

Of his Falklands stint he says, minefield experience notwithstanding, "Sometimes I feel a little guilty because we didn't actually shoot anything" (his unit was held in reserve). But his survival instincts didn't come cheap. On his way out, he says, "I'll never forget it. There was a dead Argentinian on the side of the road. My boots had split. I don't remember how his head was blown off. But I remember looking to see if his boots fitted me."

After feeling himself going maudlin—"Enough of this bull—," he says—we rejoin the crew. Kenny suckers me into a game of "Three Man Lift"—in which he vows to the bar that he can lift three people off the floor with one hand. As I take my place, laid out on the floor between two instructors, I smell a rat when their arms and legs lock me down. Kenny holds a glass of icewater high in the air, then soaks my crotch with it. It's not terribly clever, but the locals seem to love it.

I jump up, feeling feisty on a snout-full of Maker's Mark. But my Centurion training is paying off. Rather than taking a swing, I survey the bar. The British Royal Marines vs. me. Very bad. I make a quick risk-assessment calculation, and decide the next round's on me. ♦

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Stravinsky conducting in 1958. Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS.

Music's Greatest Ventriloquist

Robert Craft and his Stravinsky

By Joseph Epstein

When Igor Stravinsky died on April 6, 1971, the composer George Perle remarked that "this is the first time in six hundred years that the world has been without a great composer." Dimitri Shostakovich was still alive (he died in 1975), but Shostakovich could not compare with Stravinsky for the range, power, and Mozartian multivariousness of the latter's work. Music isn't Wimbledon or the U.S. Open, and there is no point in attempting to seed composers, but Stravinsky's rank is obviously very high—higher, surely, than any other twentieth-century composer. Thirty-two years after Stravinsky's death, the world is still without a composer of his stature.

We know more about Igor Stravinsky—his methods of composition, his personal habits, family relations, thoughts, point of view, temperament—than we do about any other composer in the history of music. The reason we do is that on March 31, 1948, a twenty-four-year-old musician, a former student of trumpet, piano, organ, and, later, conducting at Juilliard, then quite unknown in the world, called on Stravinsky at his hotel in Washington, D.C., to pay his obeisance to the great master, himself then sixty-five. Offstage, cymbals crashed, harps fluttered, and trombones blared, for this was a meeting of the greatest import for both men and for serious music. W.H. Auden, then working on the libretto for Stravinsky's opera *The Rake's Progress*, was also in the room, but next to the young man, whose name is Robert Craft, he turns out to have been a minor player.

An Improbable Life
Memoirs
by Robert Craft
Vanderbilt University Press, 560 pp., $39.95

Memories and Commentaries
by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft
Faber and Faber, 336 pp., $35

Stravinsky and Craft—the coupling of names doesn't have quite the ring of Gilbert and Sullivan, or Rodgers and Hart, or, for that matter, Smith & Wesson. But if never a joining of true equals, Stravinsky and Craft's was nonetheless a genuine partnership, even though it became one slowly, as the young man insinuated himself into the confidence and finally the love of the older master.

As a boy, Craft had become, as he with his penchant for ornate vocabulary might put it, "ensorcelated" with Stravinsky's music. On his first overture to the composer, he used the old Ben Franklin gambit: To get into the good graces of someone more important than you, have him do you a favor rather than the other way round. Before meeting Stravinsky, Craft wrote to seek advice on some technical questions about performing his music and then, in a second letter, asked to borrow a score. Nothing, as Franklin knew, better disposes a man to you than his knowledge that you are already in his debt. Apparently it didn't hurt that Craft, in an attempt at a full-court press, continued to bombard Stravinsky with a flurry of letters.

It didn't hurt, either, that Craft had approached Stravinsky at a time when his career seemed on the decline, or at least at a standstill. As Craft recounted in later years, most of Stravinsky's music was out of print. "He was not

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This picture and next: Faber and Faber.

Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft.

recording, and concert organizations wanted him to conduct only *Firebird* and *Petrushka*." He had not yet begun writing twelve-tone music, and thus was isolated from the new generation of serious musicians. Enter Robert Craft.

In time, Craft moved to Los Angeles to live near the Stravinskys, and in June 1949 he moved into their house, where he served as a combination general factotum, guide to the habits of the American natives, ombudsman of their social life, musico-technical assistant, and all but adopted son. Stravinsky was then living with his second wife, Vera, with whom he had no children.

Being in the company of Stravinsky, basking "in the man himself, whose energy, alertness, and vivacity left everyone else behind," gave Robert Craft a grand high. And why not? Socially and intellectually, the scene was populated with names that we should nowadays designate as A-List, and to the highest power. Craft's diary, *Stravinsky: Chronicles of a Friendship*, whose most recent edition appeared in 1994, has an index as high-flown for its day as anyone can imagine: George Balanchine, Marlene Dietrich, T.S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, Edith Sitwell, Evelyn Waugh, and various baronesses, flush and broke. Craft himself once went out on a date—to no apparent consequence—with Rita Hayworth, not something he is likely to have done without his Stravinsky connection.

Stravinsky, as Craft acknowledges in his autobiography, *An Improbable Life*, had his own motives for taking on this young man. He realized that Craft, for whom the two sacred works were then Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* and Arnold Schönberg's *Pierre Lunaire*, knew a good deal about "new tendencies (and new contrivances) in music from which he felt isolated." That he spoke English, in which Stravinsky wanted to improve himself, and had a native's instinct for American culture, were also in Craft's favor. The young Craft was useful to Stravinsky in a thousand roles, some of them, at least at first, embarrassingly close to that of errand boy. And he obtained his services for nothing—it was years before Craft received a regular salary for his work with the composer—for Stravinsky, despite bursts of generosity and personal extravagance, tended to throw nickels around as if they were manhole covers.

Craft soon enough established his indispensability to the composer and to his household. He was no mere amanuensis, musical version. He widened Stravinsky's culture, making the great man vastly more Anglophone. Meanwhile Craft quickly cosmopolitized himself, learning French, German, Italian. He helped Stravinsky jump, as he puts it, "on the twelve-tone bandwagon," turning him into one of those serial killers (as people opposed to such music like to say). He convinced Mrs. Stravinsky to return to her painting. They called him "Bobsky," sometimes "Bobinsky."

No exact precedent exists for the relationship between Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Craft was no Boswell, skipping along to keep up with his great man, stroking and stoking him, putting questions right into his kitchen. Nor was he a slaveringly sycophantic Eckermann, sitting at the feet of Goethe in Weimar, recording the great man's opinions for a posterity that would be slightly bored by them. While Craft never questioned the inequality inherent in his relationship with Stravinsky, neither did he allow himself to be daunted, let alone cowed by his secondary position. The younger man influenced the older in ways subtle and serious. Both Stravinskys came to trust his judgment on matters musical and extra-musical.

"Those who wish to be near great men must be prepared for demands on their selflessness," wrote Lillian Libman, who late in Stravinsky's life worked as his manager and press secretary, "and they must also be willing, incidentally, to withhold their own opinions." Robert Craft, she goes on to say, "*never* fulfilled the latter requirement, but he certainly met the first." Craft seemed to know exactly how far he could push Stravinsky, how much he could rely on his good will with the temperamental genius. In an essay entitled "A Centenary View, Plus Ten," Craft calls Stravinsky "quarrelsome and vindictive"—and so, if one may say, has Craft seemed since Stravinsky's death. He writes that "no one before ever seems to have contradicted him, or questioned a patently foolish statement (of which he was as capable as anyone else)." Somehow, Stravinsky took both from the forty-one-years-younger Craft.

One great service Craft rendered was in leading Stravinsky through his own memoiristic writing, a good deal of which took the form of Craft (R.C.) asking the composer (I.S.) questions both historical and methodological. These questions allowed Stravinsky to release a good deal of fascinating information that might otherwise have been lost. Stravinsky was born in 1882 and was already a figure of international fame before he was thirty, when he began composing music for Diaghilev's Ballets

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Russes. His charmingly elegant music for the ballet *The Firebird* (1910) brought him such acclaim that someone, confusing the man with the work, and forgetting the exact name of the work, referred to him as "Mr. Fireberg." Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* (1913), a work that, by smashing all conventional notions of harmony, became one of the great artistic *succès de scandale* of the last century, placed its composer permanently in the avant-garde pantheon.

As a man who had achieved great fame young, Stravinsky met everyone. At the party given by the Princesse Violet Murat, in which Marcel Proust and James Joyce were in the same room, Stravinsky was also present, not yet knowing who Joyce was and listening to Proust extol the late quartets of Beethoven. Claude Monet, Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso, Maurice Ravel, Vaslav Nijinsky, Gustav Mahler, Paul Valéry, Romain Rolland—Stravinsky had known them all and met most of them as an equal. Having his memories of them recorded in the tranquility of old age, as they are with pleasing lucidity in *Memories and Commentaries*, seems a fine and valuable thing.

Owing to the various "conversations," we also have a sense of Stravinsky's general point of view, which is always interesting and sometimes highly comic. One of my own favorite Stravinsky stories, repeated in *Memories and Commentaries*, is about the time he wrote music for Billy Rose's show *The Seven Lively Arts*. After the show's Philadelphia opening Stravinsky received a telegram from Rose reading: YOUR MUSIC GREAT SUCCESS STOP. COULD BE SENSATIONAL SUCCESS IF YOU WOULD AUTHORIZE ROBERT RUSSELL BENNETT RETOUCH ORCHESTRATION STOP. BENNETT ORCHESTRATES EVEN THE WORKS OF COLE PORTER. Stravinsky wired back: SATISFIED GREAT SUCCESS.

Marvelous bits, witty and wise, are recorded almost by the way in *Memories and Commentaries*. "Diaghilev was no intellectual," Stravinsky at one point notes. "He was much too intelligent for that. Besides, intellectuals never have any real taste, and no one has ever had such great taste as Diaghilev." The tastelessness of intellectuals, in my experience, is quite true. Stravinsky remarks that he finished *The Rite of Spring* in "a state of exaltation" and "while suffering a raging toothache." He was not averse, we learn from Craft, to referring to critics as "hemorrhoids," or remarking, apropos of small English fees for conducting, that he accepted one merely "to establish a record." Stravinsky had a low opinion of conductors generally, thinking them much-overvalued, highly unoriginal people, which puts a nice hole in the *maestro* mystique. Craft fills us in on Stravinsky's work habits (painstaking) and bathing habits (slapdash). He quotes Stravinsky quoting Erik Satie: "To have turned down the Légion d'Honneur is not enough. One should never have deserved it." Stravinsky himself, sensible man, was chiefly interested in prizes that brought cash with them.

How much in these conversations is Stravinsky, and how much Craft speaking through Stravinsky?

On a more serious front, one learns from *Memories and Commentaries* of Stravinsky's great regard for the music of Tchaikovsky and Schubert and his low regard for that of Liszt. Monteverdi was especially important to him. In his last years, he listened to Beethoven almost to the exclusion of anyone else, and claimed that of the late quartets the C# minor was one in which nearly everything is "perfect, inevitable, unalterable. It's beyond the impudence of praise, too; if not of criticism."

If Craft orchestrated Stravinsky's conversation, he also made small but serious changes in his music. Some of these came about through discussion of Stravinsky's compositions, some through rehearsals of works about to be performed. Craft, too, soon became known as the leading interpreter of Stravinsky's music, though the composer didn't really believe in interpretation: best, he felt, to play the notes and observe the tempi as written. Craft is undoubtedly correct when he claims that he provided the "path" to the new music that Stravinsky began to compose and when he says that "I do not believe Stravinsky would ever have taken the direction that he did [in his later music] without me."

How splendid it would have been to have had the views of their own music and that of their contemporaries and predecessors of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. Alas, they all lacked a Robert Craft.

A complication arises, however, over the question of how much in these printed conversations is pure Stravinsky, how much is Stravinsky put through the filter of Craft, and how much might be Craft alone speaking through Stravinsky. (Craft also wrote longish, quite brilliant letters over the signature of Vera Stravinsky.)

This is the subject of a controversy of long standing. In his autobiography, Craft tells us that the place to find the closest proximity to the truth about his contribution to the public literary persona of Igor Stravinsky is in a review written by Paul Driver in the *London Review of Books* of January 23, 1986. There one finds Driver writing that the much praised prose style of Stravinsky is in reality "Craft's prose." People who have elsewhere recorded the composer's speech—see, for example, Paul Horgan in *Encounters with Stravinsky*—will recognize that, however brilliant and amusing he may have been, he was simply not capable of the subtleties of syntax, irony, and wit with which Craft has endowed him. Driver writes that "while Stravinsky was presumably pleased to have his language souped up by a stylist like Craft, he was clear from the start that the 'conversations' were essentially Craft's own writing." Driver thinks this on the whole a good thing, and thanks Craft, whose "industry, dedication, and literary skill . . . have gone to devise a persona in which Stravinsky could say,

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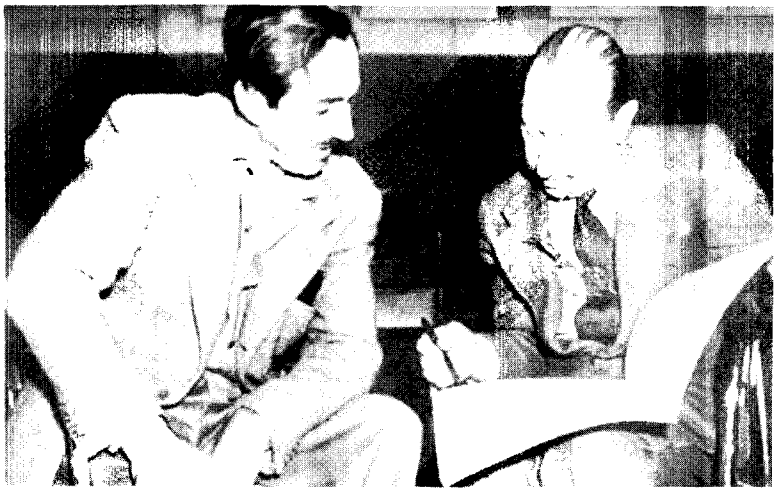

In 1939, Walt Disney discusses with Stravinsky the score for Fantasia.

in English, the most marvelous and necessary things," and that therefore we ought to be grateful to him.

Others feel that gratitude is not the proper response. In a recent issue of the *Times Literary Supplement*, David Schiff, author of a study of the composer Elliott Carter, writes that it will take years to disentangle what was said and believed by Stravinsky, and what by Craft. He also accuses Craft, in *Memories and Commentaries*, of revisionism, leaving out of this newest book opinions from other books that haven't held up over time, among them Stravinsky-Craft's dismissing of Benjamin Britten and Olivier Messiaen, and overrating the music of Stockhausen. Perhaps the musicological industry should be even more grateful to Robert Craft for having left them a mess the cleaning up of which will provide them with years of work.

As someone whose knowledge of serious music is fully two rungs down from that of a dilettante, I have a chiefly extra-musical interest in the Stravinsky-Craft relationship. A great Henry James-like story is buried in this relationship, awaiting a writer with sufficiently broad culture and deep understanding to write it. Craft has written that he himself even now does "not yet understand the real relationship, . . . personal, professional, psychological, cultural," that he had with Stravinsky.

The Jamesian story is that of a young man, aware of his limitations, who is able to connect the small red wagon of his talent to the powerful engine of a genius, behind which he comes to realize that, if he hangs on, he will eventually be driven into Jerusalem. Thrilled by the opportunity it allows him of living on a plane well above his dreams —his first weeks with Stravinsky, Craft writes in his autobiography, were "the most exciting of my life," for he found himself in the company of musical celebrities, consuming strange and wonderful foreign food and drink, and above all spending time with the man himself, who "dominated not only gatherings of people but even his physical surroundings"—the young man soon recognizes that such chance as he has to leave a mark in the world is through his connection to genius. In his autobiography, Craft quotes Isaiah Berlin writing to him, "your labours for, with, about the immortal figure whom you now know better than anyone, assure you a place not merely in heaven (on which I am a poor authority) but on earth, too."

The story now takes a slightly macabre turn. Our young man, once established in the household, finds that he is in a position to influence the master. He renders himself indispensable, and the genius and his wife end up becoming quite as dependent on him as he on them. Soon he is performing the odd role of intellectual ventriloquist, speaking through the man whose thoughts, now indistinguishably intermingled with his own, command much greater attention than his speaking in his own voice could ever hope to do. The genius and he are joined not at the hip but by a hyphen: Stravinsky-Craft.

A successful story needs not only a subject but a theme. Tricky terrain begins here. Might the theme be that one cannot swap families without hidden expenses being added to one's spiritual tab? Robert Craft in fact loved his parents and never did learn what they thought of his transfer of allegiance to chez Stravinsky. In his diaries, Craft on October 4, 1953, wrote: "My deepest problem: I have changed families and at a terrible cost substituted my ideal family for my real one. Where I am now is exactly where I thought I wanted to be ten years ago, the old story of getting what you think you want."

Stravinsky had a life before the advent onto the scene of Craft, and he continues to have a life (in posterity) long after his own death. But can it be said that Craft has had a life after Stravinsky? The ubiquitous (in everyone else's memoirs and book indexes) Stephen Spender thought, "Bob couldn't face life without Stravinsky." After quoting that remark in his autobiography, Craft responds in a footnote, "I knew I could continue to live in different circumstances." Yet he also refers to the time "between 1948 and 1971, when I used to be Stravinsky's 'Bob,'" to which he adds: "(Who am I now?)"

Robert Craft has continued to conduct, having established a reputation as a conductor of modern music. He has had the vast Stravinsky papers and other matters Stravinskian to deal with. He has stood guard over the flame of Stravinsky's reputation, and my guess is that, as long as he lives, no one will be permitted to write a biography of Igor Stravinsky with which he will not find horrendous fault. As for Craft himself writing Stravinsky's biography, he remarks, rightly, that he played too large a role in the later years of the composer's life even to consider writing such a book.

The Stravinsky-Craft story also contains a fine Jamesian irony. This is that, while Craft has now lived more than thirty years since the death of the composer, there is a strong sense in which, without his Stravinskian connection, Craft's is the story of a less-than-pleasant man who has had the usual share of domestic and health crises. He has gone on to write occasional criticism in the *New York Review of Books* and other places, but, unless he is writing about Stravinsky, his writing—carping, crabbed, often pridefully pedantic—does not win admiration, or even generally hold attention.

The final Jamesian irony is that Robert Craft is able to write supremely well only as a ventriloquist, requiring no less than an authentic genius for his dummy. ♦

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Henri Matisse, *Self-Portrait* (1906). Succession H. Matisse / Artists Rights Society.

The Return of the Modern

Matisse and Picasso, side by side, in Queens.

BY MARGARET BOERNER

The Matisse/Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art reminds us that modern art is already more than one hundred years old. It began as an anti-establishment movement in France in the middle of the nineteenth century, with such post-impressionist painters as Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Seurat. It was then charged up by Henri Matisse and Pablo Picasso to become the twentieth century's dominant art.

By the time Matisse and Picasso came along, much of the traditional work of painting had been ceded to photography. Society no longer needed the portraits of monarchs and generals, the layouts of battles and parleys, the expression of significant encounters and departures, that had been the mainstay of painting throughout the centuries.

What, then, were painters to do? The sobriquet "post-impressionist" was coined by the English critic Roger Fry to describe an exhibition of paintings, mostly by Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, and Picasso, in London in 1910. Nearly a century after that show, we can see that the essential modernist tack makes painting not a representation of reality but rather a code composed of elements, a language of its own, which breaks down the object into its imaginative parts. Slowly and with difficulty, modernism came to insist that painting should represent the flow of experience. The artist paints to raise in the mind of the viewer the experience—mental and emotional—of viewing the subject of the painter's art.

Those who carp at modern art as "something my kid could do" are not entirely wrong: Children typically represent in paint what the object feels like to them and ignore the colors and shapes it really has. Thus five-year-olds draw a human figure as all head, with stick legs and arms; they paint their parents' faces in vivid color. Van Gogh's portrayals of green-faced babies and red water likewise acknowledge the emotional power of their subjects. Matisse and the school of "Fauves" (the "wild ones") made coloring into a thesis, and although most of the Fauves, like Derain, retreated into conventional representation, Matisse continued their task of combining colors to represent feelings evoked by the object.

The same goes for form. For most modernists, it is representational to show the top and the underside of a table at the same time, or for the object to be only partially inside the frame of the picture, or for goldfish to be seen both through the side and from the top of the goldfish bowl. Strict one-point perspective insists all this is wrong, but one-point perspective is itself merely a code for rendering three dimensions into two dimensions rather than a depiction of the three-dimensional world as it is. Picasso and Matisse create an image of our "seeing" the underside of a chair at the same time that we see its seat because the flow of experience reminds us, at each look, of all the other examinations we have made of the chair. Modern art attempts to reflect our *experience* of the chair.

Picasso—twelve years younger than Matisse—was throughout the twentieth century the archetype of the hip modern artist. As the introduction to the show's catalogue puts it, Picasso's career revealed the artist as a young "tough." Matisse's charm, when he cared to exert it, was formidable but cultivated. Picasso's charisma was from the start magical and unforced. He was capable of unkindness, even cruelty, but such was his magnetism that almost all those he had wounded were irresistibly attracted back to him. He was also a born womanizer and cad (which added to his appeal to some women). Still, he had an honest eye for his own sexuality, even going so far as

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to depict his waning sexual powers in his old age: In *The Shadow* (1953), Picasso sees himself as an impotent shadow looming over a canvas that doubles as the nude model's bed.

Picasso concentrates on form, perhaps partly because he was an imperfect colorist. Even when he imitates Matisse's color, Picasso gets it wrong. Witness Picasso's dreary use of color in the 1924 *Mandolin and Guitar* (which the Museum of Modern Art catalogue fecklessly claims uses "many quotations" of Matisse's color and line). But Picasso was a child prodigy in drawing; he could draw anything in any style from the beginning. Throughout his life, he constantly changed the forms he was working with, giving us his well-known "periods": mediterranean, blue, cubist, classical, surrealist, and so on. Early on, his cubist collaboration with Braque resulted in art so startlingly modern that, as Gertrude Stein remarked in 1933, looking back on her first encounter with Picasso, "It is very difficult, now that everybody is accustomed to everything, to give some idea of the uneasiness one felt when one first looked at these pictures on these walls."

At the Museum of Modern Art's temporary home, a converted factory in Queens just across the East River from its 53rd Street headquarters, the Matisse/Picasso exhibition arranges the paintings in some thirty groups that are said to show a link between the two painters' work. Sometimes these links are documented by remarks of Picasso or Matisse about the other's art. Sometimes the connection is one which the curators make up out of whole cloth.

The show contains few famous paintings—which is, surprisingly, to the good: We are able to look at the works without having to judge their worth. Indeed, two of the more famous paintings here, Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* (1907) and Matisse's *Bathers with a Turtle* (1908), are a distraction. One could spend a whole day looking at these paintings, perhaps wondering why *Demoiselles* seems an exercise in factitious emotion and why *Bathers* seems insubstantial, notwithstanding all its references to the monumental frescos of Giotto. (It would be a relief to have *Demoiselles* and *Bathers* both missing, but the museum evidently could not resist showing off *Demoiselles*, which it refused to send to the Tate when the Matisse/Picasso show was in London.)

Estate of Pablo Picasso / Artists Rights Society

Pablo Picasso, Self-Portrait *(1906).*

The curators claim that Matisse and Picasso, living in the same era in the same country and often in the same town, were always conscious of each other and needed to answer each other's innovations. (*Bathers* is thus said to be a reaffirmation of the classical nude, an answer to the ferocious whores who glare out of *Demoiselles.*) The exhibition seeks throughout to demonstrate parallels and interconnections in the work of "the twin giants of modern art"—the influence the one had on the other and their challenges to each other—reflecting the contemporary revised view of Matisse. In the mid-twentieth century, Matisse was regarded as having petered out after his strong beginning as a Fauvist colorist and thus having left the title of modern artist to Picasso. Now he is presented as Picasso's equal in modernity.

It is not clear why an art exhibit has to have a thesis, but the mutual influence of the two makes a fairly interesting thesis—if not an entirely persuasive one. More likely, these painters were simply aware of each other, the way all workers in a particular field are aware of the interesting things done by others in the field. Nonetheless, Picasso did say in his old age, "You've got to be able to picture side by side everything Matisse and I were doing at the time"—and, "No one has ever looked at Matisse's paintings more carefully than I; and no one has looked at mine more carefully than he."

The exhibition is arranged chronologically, and entering it, one is immediately faced with a pair of self-portraits. They depict Matisse at thirty-seven years old and Picasso at twenty-five, both painted in 1906. Matisse's Fauve-colored green and pink face looks directly out of the picture. He is fashionably bearded and dressed in a fisherman's jersey (the radical chic at the turn of the century, when painters dressed in suits to work their canvases). Picasso's self-portrait looks inward with a hieratic mask for a face, a face made famous when he used it to depict Gertrude Stein in the same year. Matisse's portrait is solidly a picture of an individual, emotionalized with color. Picasso's is a picture of the self—at one with cave paintings and newspaper cartoons—rather than an individual one might recognize on the street. Although Matisse's and Picasso's self-portraits were painted in the same year and both are modern, there is scant "conversation" between them.

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Other pairings are more apt. One is glad to see Picasso's titillating *Nude in a Black Armchair* (1932) and the disemboweled roundness of his beautiful new wife in *Girl Before a Mirror* (1932), next to the lyrical and harmonious depiction of women in Matisse's *Music* (1939) and *Asia* (1946). Picasso's women are pure objects; Matisse's welcoming subjects. Putting these pictures next to each other is one of the most illuminating couplings in the show. Equally illuminating but in a different way is the pairing of Picasso's *Woman in an Armchair* (1927) and Matisse's *Decorative Figure on an Ornamental Background* (1925-26). Here, one positively needs Picasso's corrosive look at sex to counter the surfeit of Matisse's "decorative figure" in a room filled with fussy French style. The same holds for the pairing of Matisse's *Nasturtiums with 'Dance' II* (1912) and Picasso's *The Three Dancers* (1925). One feels Picasso is abrasively telling Matisse that nakedness is not merely decorative.

Throughout this exhibition, such pairings tell us a lot about the reaches of modern art, even if one is not convinced that the two painters were directly talking to each other. But some of the pairings are so forced, they contribute to bad art history, especially when it comes to Picasso's strong, emotional engagement with the great masters of his homeland. Although the "anxiety of influence" he feels about Velázquez and Goya is projected everywhere in Picasso's work, it is ignored here. The curators have gone so far as to present one of his minor paintings, a sortie in his battle to come to terms with Velázquez's *Las Meninas* (1656), as in "conversation" with the great painting by Matisse of his studio, *Large Red Interior* (1948). It is almost as though the curators said to themselves that both the Matisse and Picasso studio pictures have a cartoonish dog in them and use a lot of red, so let's put them side by side and say Picasso is thinking about Matisse.

Still, the Matisse/Picasso exhibit is well worth seeing, hanging in a delightfully unpretentious venue and full of the energy that makes modern art, at its best, so convincing. ♦

Blue and Gray on Screen

Ron Maxwell's Gods and Generals.

BY JOHN MERONEY

Ronald F. Maxwell, the screenwriter and director behind the sprawling, $70 million Civil War epic *Gods and Generals*, has devoted the last twenty-five years to dramatizing what Winston Churchill once described as the noblest and least avoidable of all the great conflicts. It has been ten years since *Gettysburg*, Maxwell's first film about the Civil War—and getting that made took more than a decade. And now, with *Gods and Generals* done, Maxwell says he's ready to start the final installment of the trilogy, which will take moviegoers all the way to Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

The fifty-six-year-old Maxwell began thinking about filming the Civil War after reading *The Killer Angels*, Michael Shaara's 1978 novel about Gettysburg. He jokes that the cast and crew who worked with him on *Little Darlings*, his 1980 film starring Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal, probably had to endure his talking more about Shaara's novel than the film they were working on. Those were the days when Ron Maxwell was the fair-haired boy on Paramount's lot. He'd come to Hollywood as an earnest New Yorker, a graduate of New York University, where he'd written and directed an adaptation of Albert Camus's *The Guest*. Making a comedy about girls betting who will lose her virginity first is a long way from the Battles of Bull Run and Fredericksburg, but even in that early film, Maxwell showed a surprising seriousness.

Hollywood executives were anticipating a movie like the wildly successful, ribald comedies *National Lampoon's Animal House* or *Meatballs*—and Maxwell delivered a summer-camp comedy that showed the emotional consequences of the girls' choices. "Overnight, I went from being a golden boy to the invisible man," he remembers. But when moviegoers at test screenings lauded the picture, the studio executives got behind it. Advertisements touted O'Neal and McNichol's nascent sexuality with the line, "Don't Let the Title Fool You," and the picture was a hit, remaining on *Variety*'s list of top grossing films for almost a decade.

In the next few years, Maxwell searched for a way to make *The Killer Angels*, tracking the reclusive Michael Shaara to a residence in Florida. "Michael had been lied to and cheated by one or two Hollywood types, and he retreated from the whole film experience," says Maxwell. But Shaara, who died in 1988, admired the filmmaker's passion for his book and finally sold him an option on film rights for $50,000. Meanwhile, Maxwell directed pictures such as *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia* and *Kidco*.

He also developed an interest in Nicaragua—outraged by Soviet involvement there and the news media's coverage of it. "I used to argue that the Sandinistas should have brought over Joe Stalin while they were at it," says Maxwell. Through a connection with a Cuban-American friend, Maxwell visited the country in 1987 and filmed more than sixty hours of interviews with supporters of the Nicaraguan Democratic Resistance to make a documentary to be called "In the Land of the Poets." He never finished the project, but seeing firsthand the impact of a civil war stoked his interest in *The Killer Angels*. "Being in Nicaragua helped me see another view of our Civil War," Maxwell says. "There were divided

John Meroney is working on a book about Ronald Reagan's Hollywood years, to be published by Little, Brown.

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families down there, brothers against brothers, and cousins fighting cousins."

Maxwell's dream of making Shaara's novel languished until Ted Turner came through for him in 1991, following introductions from actor Hal Holbrook and documentary filmmaker Ken Burns, whose PBS series on the Civil War had focused attention on the period. Maxwell told Turner that he'd written a script of *The Killer Angels* called "Gettysburg," and within a week, they had a deal to make the picture.

Even with Turner's support, the project had challenges. One was filming such an ambitious story. When completed, the picture clocked in at more than three-and-a-half hours, making distribution difficult. Released to fewer than two hundred and fifty screens, it cost $12 million and made only $10 million at the box office. (According to Maxwell and Turner, the picture has since more than earned its cost back through video sales and cable television broadcasts.)

Still, *Gettysburg* received considerable acclaim from reviewers and historians, and Turner is also financing *Gods and Generals*. Warner Bros., which is distributing the picture, is releasing it in more than a thousand theaters, and Turner has committed an estimated $30 million to advertising. Whether moviegoers will devote more than three hours to another film about the Civil War is a gamble. Maxwell, who urged Shaara's son Jeff to write the novel *Gods and Generals*, also wants to adapt Jeff's other Civil War book, *The Last Full Measure*. The ease with which Maxwell can do this depends largely on the success of this one. "We need to make $70 million at the box office," Turner told me.

As much as *Gods and Generals* is about the Civil War, it also celebrates the connection of real people to a particular region and place. In one poignant scene, Maxwell has Robert E. Lee give voice to this theme. The general is sitting on his horse in the hills above Fredericksburg, overlooking the town. "It's something these Yankees do not understand, will never understand," says Lee. "Rivers, hills, valleys, fields, even towns: To those people they're just

Warner Bros.

Director Ron Maxwell

markings on a map from the war office in Washington. To us, they're birthplaces and burial grounds, they're battlefields where our ancestors fought. They're places where we learned to walk, to talk, to pray. They're places where we made friendships and fell in love. They're the incarnation of all our memories and all that we are."

Maxwell is passionate about using his pictures to show that Hollywood is capable of making historical films where attention to truth doesn't come at the expense of good drama. Films such as the 1995 *Jefferson in Paris* make him prickly. "If it's about Thomas Jefferson, Hollywood thinks it can't really be about his genius, or that he was part of something earthshaking," he says. "It has to be about the fact that he must have slept with one of his slaves."

Equally distressing, in his view, are pictures such as Mel Gibson's Revolutionary War epic *The Patriot* and *Pearl Harbor*, which he considers excuses to make big-budget action films. "*The Patriot* was filled with downright lies about what happened here. The English press took it as blood libel because of the scene where British soldiers herd civilians into a church and then burn it down. It puts that on par with the kind of evil that happened in World War II where the Nazis actually did that to civilians. I don't think those filmmakers did it maliciously, but it's careless and frivolous."

Maxwell says he also wants to show that history is often more complicated than the way Hollywood usually depicts it. "They set up straw men and say, 'This is the good guy and this is the bad one.' It's like they're broadcasting it with subtitles. In *Amistad*, you're supposed to like John Quincy Adams and dislike John C. Calhoun. They spoonfeed you. I want characters to make their own cases."

So, in *Gods and Generals*, Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain (played by Jeff Daniels) makes the case of the northern abolitionists, and Stonewall Jackson (played by Stephen Lang) argues for Southern secession and independence.

But eventually, the weight of history becomes clear, and the real issue of the war emerges: whether the principle of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal will prevail. As Chamberlain says, "We are here for something new. This has not happened much in the history of the world. We are an army out to set other men free. America should be free ground. All of it. Not divided by a line between slave state and free. All the way from here to the Pacific Ocean. No man has to bow. No man born to royalty. Here we judge you by what you do, not by who your father was."

Or, as Robert Duvall, who plays Robert E. Lee in Ronald Maxwell's *Gods and Generals*, said when I asked whether he is a Southern partisan, "The right side won." ♦

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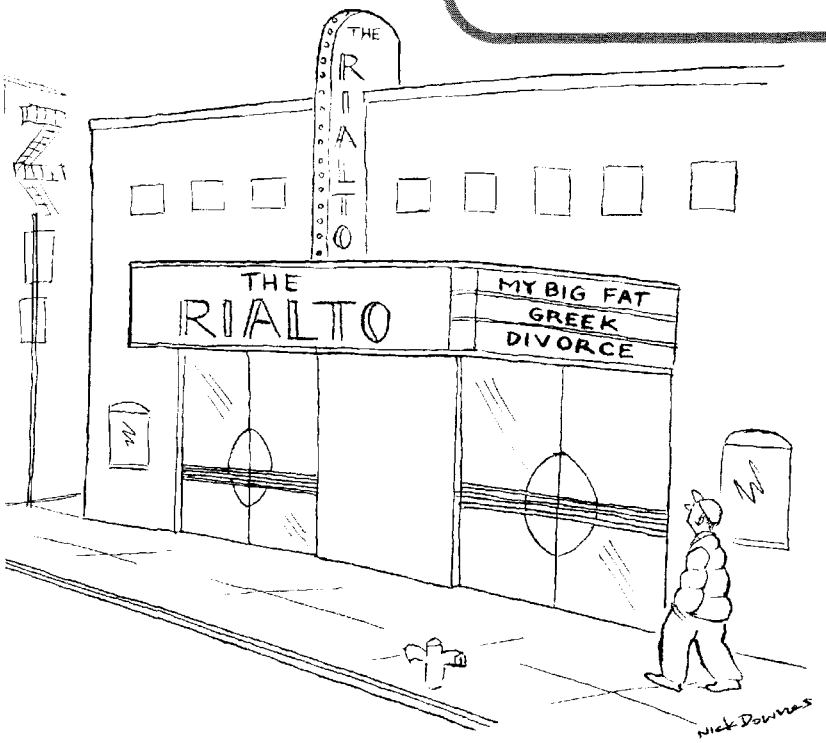

Books in Brief

***Democracy by Decree: What Happens When Courts Run Government* by Ross Sandler and David Schoenbrod (Yale University Press, 256 pp., $30).** "Believers in democracy by decree argue that political progress is not fast enough, or cannot be trusted. We thought the same when we were public-interest attorneys, but we were wrong." With these words, Sandler and Schoenbrod open their informative book about how courts and lawyers have come to control many of the most important functions of state and local governments.

Carefully and clearly, they demonstrate how federal courts have weakened the political system by taking control of schools, prisons, and mental hospitals for decades at a time, in the name of high-sounding goals for social reform. The courts are no longer in the business of enforcing rights—they are creating them, and they aren't doing a very good job.

Sandler and Schoenbrod present themselves as sympathetic to those seeking reforms through the courts, but cite examples of "rigid and unrealistic" decrees from "institutional reform litigation." Judges who legislate have no better track record than elected politicians—and have done dramatically worse with special education, environmental protection, medical care, and foster care. Costing millions, these court-supervised programs often end up harming the constituency they were intended to help.

Blurbed by a wide variety of people, *Democracy by Decree* comes highly recommended. But the most striking blurb is from Ed Koch, the former mayor of New York City: "A fascinating book for someone like me who regretted agreeing to a court-approved consent decree limiting the city's authority in programs involving prisons, welfare, education, homeless shelters, etc." We regret it too, Mr. Koch.

—Katherine Mangu-Ward

***Why There Are No Good Men Left: The Romantic Plight of the New Single Woman* by Barbara Dafoe Whitehead (Broadway, 195 pp., $23.95).** Finding true love has never been easy, but it seems particularly difficult for young women today. Evidence of their romantic plight is everywhere: in television shows like *Friends* and *Sex and the City*, in "Chick Lit" fiction like *Bridget Jones's Diary*, and in the flood of women's self-help books.

For *Why There Are No Good Men Left*, Barbara Dafoe Whitehead interviewed dozens of young, successful women to find out why getting a mate is so difficult. One reason, she discovers, is the revolution in girl-rearing she calls the "Girl Project." Inspired by both the feminist vision of independence and the omnipresence of divorce, the Girl Project prepares girls for adult lives as women without any dependence on men or marriage. This new path involves a lot of college degrees and career development, but the central idea is that these girls, once grown, will get all the benefits of marriage—good money, sex, and a nest egg—without actually marrying.

Unfortunately, the Girl Project also drove a stake through the heart of romantic courtship. "Changes in sexual mores and behavior, a persistently high rate of divorce, historic increases in unwed childbearing, the resort to new reproductive and matchmaking technologies, the rise of cohabitation, . . . and the decline of college-based courtship are all signs of weakening in this long established system," Dafoe Whitehead writes. While the purpose of romantic courtship was to pair off young people for marriage, "relationships" pair them off for anything from "living together, to serial monogamy, to casual partnerings." What's more, this new system is particularly suited to young men, especially the educated and affluent. In the old system they had to make a commitment to get a nice girl into bed. But now things are much easier for them.

So how do women feel about their situation? Most are still marriage-minded, but as one twenty-something put it, "Society sucks the hope out of all of us."

—Rachel DiCarlo

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Dennis Kucinich and Carol Moseley-Braun announce candidacies for Democratic presidential nomination.

—News Item

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Grassroots campaigning Photo by Suzy Parker, USA TODAY

San Diego Chicken Joins Democratic Field

So Does Siegfried, But Not Roy

By Susan Page
USA TODAY

The already crowded contest for the Democratic nomination for the presidency grew even more stuffed today as the San Diego Chicken and Vegas lion-tamer Siegfried announced the formation of exploratory committees. The San Diego Chicken becomes the third sports team mascot to enter the race, following the Philly Fanatic and the guy with the big head who appears at Duke basketball home games. Meanwhile, Siegfried is expected to cut into much of the support Wayne Newton was expected to get in early western and mountain state primaries.

Democratic national chairman Terry McAuliffe pronounced himself delighted with the quality of the field, despite the fact that it has recently become clear that community mental health facilities across the country are using the Democratic primary campaign as part of their outpatient treatment programs. "The Republicans don't have even one presidential contender who thinks he is Napoleon," McAuliffe exulted.

Meanwhile, other Democratic insiders believe that the race is becoming too compartmentalized. When Tawana Brawley announced her bid, she clearly cut into Al Sharpton's effort to win support among Iowa voters looking for a disgraced liar guilty of fabricating rape charges against New York officials. And Dennis Kucinich has yet to cement his hold on liberal New Hampshire Catholics who are pro-life in odd-numbered years.

Dick Gephardt meanwhile has surged to the head of the 2,345-person pack, winning the support of Democratic primary voters who remain, against all the pressures in their party, in full command of their faculties.

the weekly Standard
March 3, 2003

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Freedom of Expression 101

Steven Menashi is a public affairs fellow at the Hoover Institution and associate editor of the Institution's *Policy Review.*

In Martin Kramer's *Ivory Towers on Sand: The Failure of Middle Eastern Studies in America,* he chronicles the scandal of U.S. government-sponsored centers of Middle East studies. For decades, these centers have trafficked in anti-Americanism and discounted the threat of Islamist terrorism. **The federal investment in such academic research has fostered a deliberate misunderstanding of the Middle East and promoted ideological interests at odds with American security.** Last September, the Middle East Forum, the think tank that publishes Kramer's *Middle East Quarterly,* launched a web site to document the crisis in Middle East studies and to promote honest scholarship.

Many academics can't stomach such scrutiny. Shortly after the forum's web site appeared, Middle East studies scholars began decrying it as a "McCarthy-style campaign" and a "gross attack on the freedom of expression." The Middle East Forum, they argued, threatens academic freedom. Such charges were especially bizarre coming from the postcolonial theorists, who have even invented their own slur, "Orientalism," to dismiss the work of scholars who disagree with their theories—and to intimidate Western academics into accepting any criticism of Islamic society as tantamount to bigotry.

Indeed, after September 11, 2001, rhetoric emanating from the academy ranged from the peculiar ("Towers are symbols of phallic power," explained one linguistics professor) to the outrageous (Terrorism's "ultimate cause is the fascism of U.S. foreign policy over the past many decades," insisted a professor of English). But when the American Council of Trustees and Alumni (ACTA), another prominent group interested in promoting quality scholarship, published a study on such responses, they, too, were greeted as McCarthyites.

Both ACTA and the Middle East Forum acknowledge scholars' rights to free expression, merely reserving for themselves the right to question and criticize. Surely such debate is supportive of the academic enterprise; any institution committed to truth and open inquiry should not excuse its faculty from having to defend their arguments.

A large segment of academe, however, does not believe disinterested scholarship is even possible. Any claim of "truth," it says, is inevitably a product of some parochial viewpoint or political interest. "Objective" truth doesn't exist; history consists of disparate "narratives," all equally legitimate.

In such an environment, there is no possibility of debate because there is no independent standard by which to judge arguments. There is no difference between disagreement and censorship; all one can do is insist on one's own narrative and suppress opposing views.

One naturally wonders how academics who spend their time obsessively trolling others' scholarship for evidence of racism, sexism, or homophobia can suddenly be outraged when their own work is cited for anti-Semitism or a "blame America first" mentality. Yet it is clear that **many intellectuals invoke "academic freedom" not to protect the ideal of disinterested inquiry but to shield their own ideological agendas from public scrutiny.**

When professors attack their critics as McCarthyites, it is they who are trying to silence dissent through intimidation. Today, when ideas can have especially threatening consequences—our most potent enemy in the war on terror is itself an ideology— we should not let anyone squelch open debate.

— Steven Menashi

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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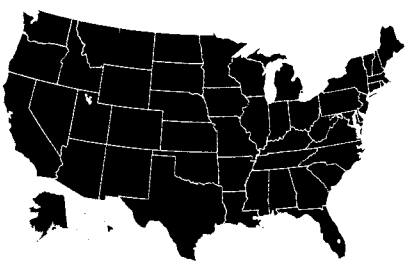
The FCC has affirmed the rights of states to promote local phone competition and protect consumers.

Last week the Federal Communications Commission upheld Americans' right to have a choice in local phone companies. By staying the course laid out by the 1996 Telecom Act, the FCC is giving states the ability to open their local phone markets to real competition.

Already more than ten million residential and small business consumers[1] have exercised their new freedom of choice, and new competition is growing by leaps and bounds. A recent analysis reports that consumers will save more than $9 billion a year with widespread local phone competition.[2] And a competitive marketplace will spur innovation and yield billions in new investment.



The FCC's recent action means consumers will continue to get more choices, lower prices and better service — fulfilling Congress' vision in creating the 1996 Telecom Act.

That's good news for the 10,000,000 residential and small business consumers who have already exercised their freedom of choice.

[1] January 2, 2003, Business Week
[2] CompTel Consumer Savings Analysis January 2003

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We're Voices for Choices. We believe the best way to protect America's phone system and give consumers lower prices, better service and more choices is to make the giant Bell monopolies keep the promise of the Telecommunications Act. Call 1-877-794-8600 or go to www.voicesforchoices.com for more information.

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